HYMNS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

AND

OCCASIONS.

By JOHN CLARK.

With my Song will I praiſe him. Pſa. xxviii. 7.

Teaching and admoniſhing one another in Pſalms and Hymns and ſpiritual Songs. Col. iii. 16.

Printed for the Author,
BY T. LONG, TROWBRIDGE.
AND SOLD BY
T. CHAPMAN, No. 151, *Fleet-Street, London*;
W. BULGIN, and R. EDWARDS, *Briſtol*;
S. HAZARD, *Bath*;
AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1799.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Chriſtian Reader,

I acknowledge we have already abundance of excellent hymns, written by perſons of different denominations for the ſervice of God's ſanctuary: yet I thought it could be no harm to caſt my poor mite into the common treaſury. Theſe Hymns were chiefly the ſpontaneous productions of my mind after preaching from particular ſubjects, and were never intended to be made public: but ſome Friends profeſſing to have been pleaſed and edified by ſeveral of them, and requeſting me to give them copies; induced me (in order to ſave the trouble of tranſcribing) to print them altogether. If they ſhould afford an hint to any of my Brethren in the miniſtry when about to preach from the ſame ſubjects, yield any inſtruction to the Ignorant, or aſſiſt the pious Chriſtian in his devotions, I have my deſire; and the more ſo ſtill if all the praiſe be aſcribed to the Author of every bleſſing, for whoſe ſake I am thine

John Clark.

Trowbridge, October 31, 1799.

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HYMNS

ON

Various Subjects.

HYMN I.

INVOCATION.

1 ALMIGHTY Sov'reign of the ſkies!
Thou only great, thou only wiſe;
Reigning in heav'n's moſt holy place,
Yet filling univerſal ſpace.

2 To thee their MAKER, and their King,
Angels unceaſing homage bring;
And all thy wond'rous works below,
Ten thouſand ways thy glories ſhow.

3 Amidſt applauding worlds I'm plac'd;
Daily unnumber'd bleſſings taſte:
Fain would I ſome *ſmall* tribute bring
To thee, my SAVIOUR, and my King.

4 O tune my voice with thoſe above;
O warm my heart with heav'nly love;
Then harp and organ, heart and voice,
Shall in thy *mighty* praiſe rejoice.

HYMN II.

AN EXHORTATION TO PRAISE GOD.

Bleſs the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion; bleſs the Lord, O my ſoul. Pſ. ciii. 22.

1 COME, all in heav'n, and earth, and ſeas;
Your great Creator bleſs:
To him, in all your diff'rent ways
Your gratitude expreſs,

2 He form'd you by his ſov'reign will,
And all-creative Word;
His mighty hand ſupports you ſtill:
O praiſe your common Lord!

His

3 His genial warmth *all* creatures prove;
Shall *none* the grateful flame?
Millions of tongues to taſte his love,
And none to praiſe his name!

4 Stand forth my ſoul as chiefeſt bound,
And ſummons earth and heav'n:
Sure none has greater bleſſings found;
Sure none has more forgiv'n.

Second Part.

5 BEGIN the ſong ye brighter pow'rs,
That dwell more near your King:
We own your *ſkill* ſurpaſſeth ours;
But not your *cauſe* to ſing.

6 Inferior creatures fill the choir,
Of ev'ry ſhape and ſize:
Or ſwift or ſlow, that ſink or ſoar,
In water, earth, or ſkies.

7 Thrice happy ſaints your right aſſert;
'Tis yours to crown the ſong:
Creation doth to you *in part*;
Redemption *all* belong.

8 Bleſs then the Lord in ev'ry place,
'Till ages ceaſe to roll:
But chiefly ye who taſte his grace,
And chief of all my ſoul!

HYMN III.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD ALL IN ALL.

In his Preſence is fulneſs of joy, Pſalm xvi. 11.

1 NOT what we have, or what we want,
Concerns, if God his Preſence grant:
Nothing is good, and nothing ill,
But as his ſmile, or frown we feel.

2 Seen in the ſunſhine of his love,
Afflictions do but atoms prove;
Illumin'd by thoſe rays divine,
The darkeſt providences ſhine.

But

3 But when night's gloomy ſhades prevail,
Whatever evils then aſſail:
Tho' inſignificant and ſmall;
Are magnifi'd, and monſtrous all.

4 O then, whatever ills annoy,
May I his Preſence ſtill enjoy;
And with what e'er he grants beſide,
May not his Preſence be deny'd.

HYMN IV.

THE FALL AND RECOVERY.

As in Adam all die, even ſo in Chriſt ſhall all be made alive. 1 *Cor.* XV. 22.

1 "ADAM our guilty Sire,
" Alas what haſt thou done!
" Diſpleas'd thy God, deſtroy'd thy race,
" Made all creation groan.

2 " Mis'ries, diſeaſes, death!
" A horrid train begin;
" Unnumber'd evils, endleſs woes
" From one ſhort moment's ſin."

Sinners

3 Sinners your murm'rings ceaſe,
Nor your firſt Father blame:
Sin's black original he drew;
You have tranſcrib'd the ſame.

4 What Adam did but taſte,
You greedily devour;
And tho' the dire reſult you feel,
Repeat it ev'ry hour.

5 Tho' *heav'n* with all its joys,
And *hell* with woes extreme,
Stand as the fixt alternative:
You daily both contemn.

6 But hail ye happy ſaints!
Your ſecond Adam praiſe;
Who came from *heav'n*---endur'd your *hell*---
Your fallen ſouls to raiſe.

7 With this triumphant boaſt,
Make heav'n and earth reſound:
That tho' in Adam all was loſt,
In Jeſus all is found.

Hymn

HYMN V.

LOVE DIVINE.

What is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Chriſt, which paſſeth knowledge.
Eph. iii. 18, 19.

1 HOW ſhall I ſing the boundleſs love;
Th' amazing goodneſs tell:
That brought my Saviour from above;
That brought my ſoul from hell.

2 'Twas love, whoſe power can't be expreſt,
Nor its extent defin'd;
By all that's found in human breaſt,
Or in an angel's mind.

3 *High* as the Majeſty above;
It ſprung from God alone:
The darling of his heart is love,
The eſſence of his throne.

4 *Deep* as the miſeries below;
It reach'd to guilty me:
Div'd to the bottom of my woe,
And all my fears ſet free.

Broad

5 *Broad* as the breach that ſin had made,
Extenſive as my needs:
Thro' all my ſoul its pow'rs pervade,
And ev'ry wiſh exceeds.

6 *Long* as eternity 'twill laſt,
Unalt'rably the ſame:
As from eternal ages paſt,
From God alone it came.

7 O may this love ſtill rule my heart,
And all my pow'rs control;
'Till ev'ry other love depart,
And this ſhall fill my ſoul.

HYMN VI.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

God forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſs of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. Gal. vi. 14.

1 AH what's there now beneath the ſkies,
To charm my ears, to pleaſe my eyes;
Since I have known a Saviour's love,
How vain, how empty all things prove!

This

2 This earth (with all that it contains,
Its joys, its honours, and its gains;
For which poor mortals diſagree)
Affords no more delights for me.

3 'Tis Calv'ry, there I've fixt my heart!
From thence it never can depart:
'Tis that dear Object on the croſs,
My love, and wonder does engroſs.

4 Ah, what are thrones, and palaces!
Jesus thy Croſs tranſcends all theſe;
Thy thorny crown exceeds the gems,
That ſhine in princely diadems.

5 Thy robe of purple, mark of ſcorn,
Shall my beſt ſervices adorn;
Thy reedy ſceptre's gentle rule
Subdue each paſſion of my ſoul.

6 Should all the dignities that are
Preſume with thee my heart to ſhare;
Beneath my feet I'd tread them down,
And triumph in the Croſs alone.

HYMN VII.

THE BREVITY OF LIFE.

My days are ſwifter than a weavers ſhuttle. Job. 7. 6.

1 SWIFT as an Arrow cuts its way
Thro' the ſoft yielding air;
Or as the Sun's more ſubtle ray,
Or Lightnings, ſudden glare;
Or as an Eagle to the prey,
Or Shuttle thro' the loom;
So haſte our fleeting lives away,
So ruſh we to the tomb.

2 Like airy bubbles, lo we riſe,
And dance upon life's ſtream;
'Till ſoon the air that caus'd, deſtroys
Th ' attenuated frame.
Down the ſwift ſtream we glide apace,
And carry death within;
Then burſt, and ſcarcely leave a trace
To ſhow that we have been.

Solomon

3 Solomon wiſeſt of our kind,
Who length of days had ſeen;
To *birth* and *death* a time aſſign'd,*
But none to *life* between.
Yet lo, what conſequences cloſe
This tranſient ſtate below;
Eternal *joys*, or miſſing thoſe,
Inevitable *woe*.

HYMN VIII.

THE CONFLICT.

Without were fightings, and within were fears.
2. *Cor.* 7. 5.

1 WITHOUT a thouſand foes ſurround,
Within a thouſand fears abound,
Ah whither can I flee!
Weari'd with cares, with griefs oppreſt,
Fain would I find a moments reſt,
But there's no reſt for me.

2 Do I in mortals think to truſt,
And ſuccour ſeek from worms of duſt;
The thought alas how vain!

* Eccle. 3. 2. Theſe,

Theſe (far from yielding me relief)
Laugh at my fears, and mock my grief,
And trample on my pain.

3 Yet ſome commiſerate my plight,
My partners in the arduous fight;
To theſe I ſpread my ſore:
But ah, my ſore theſe cannot heal,
Or oft with too- officious zeal,
Miſtaking, wound me more.

4 Then I retire, and fain would find
Some happineſs in my own mind;
Conſcious that I'm ſincere:
But oh what traitors lurk within!
And my beſt thoughts how ſpoil'd by ſin!
No refuge find I here.

5 Yet lo(of ev'ry hope bereft)
One ſure aſylum ſtill is left;
'Tis Jeſu's precious name:
Whate'er befall, here I can reſt;
In ev'ry ſtate, here am I bleſt;
His love remains the ſame.

HYMN IX.

THE POWER OF FAITH.

All things are poſsible to him that believeth. Mar. 9. 23.

1 TO him that believes
What can be too hard?
Faith all things atchieves,
By no dangers ſcar'd:
An earneſt of heaven;
And where 'tis beſtow'd,
Poſſeſſion is given
Of all that is good.

2 Tho' a mountain of braſs
Your progreſs would ſtop;
Or ſeas of diſtreſs
Would ſwallow you up:
Preſs forward! -- accounting
That Faith can with eaſe
Both level the mountain,
And dry up the ſeas.

3 With guilt and with ſhame,
Tho' cover'd all o'er;
Tho' all the world's blame
Were laid at your door:
Yet perfect ſalvation
'Tis Faith that applies:
For where's condemnation,
If God juſtifies?

4 Tho' barren in grace,
Quite ſpent is your ſtore;
And you are alas,
Both helpleſs and poor;
To open God's treaſure,
'Tis Faith is the key;
And 'tis his good pleaſure,
That you ſhould make free.

5 Beleagur'd with foes,
No ſuccour is nigh,
Fierce devils oppoſe,
Their fiery darts fly!

No

No harm can attend you!
'Tis Faith is the ſhield
To guard, and defend you
Amidſt the ſharp field.

6 If clouds ſeem to roll,
And darkneſs and doubt
Perplex your poor ſoul;
From Gods face ſhut out:
To gain you admiſſion
'Tis Faith knocks aloud;
Breaks down the partition,
And pierces the cloud.

7 Or ſhould you have nigh
Acceſs to the throne;
Sweet freedom enjoy
As a child of Gods own:
This holy communion
'Tis Faith does excite;
The cement of union,
The ſource of delight.

8 Whatever God grants,
Faith helps to enjoy;
And whate'er our wants,
'Tis Faith can ſupply:
Then in each condition,
In life or in death;
Be this our petition,
Lord ſtrengthen our Faith.

HYMN X.

UNITY.

Ye are all one in Chriſt Jeſus. Gal. 3. 28.

1 COME Chriſtians, come, and let us join
Our hearts and voices round the throne;
Unite your grateful ſongs with mine,
As is our Lord, our theme be one:
Come mingle now the ſacred fire;
'Twill blaze the hotter and the high'r.

2 For trifles we'll no more contend,
(Concord and peace to ſaints belong)
But our united efforts bend
'Gainſt Satan, author of our wrong:

Howe'er

Howe'er we differ, let him know,
We hold him ſtill our common foe.

3 Jeſus in ſpirit make us thine;
(Thou God of harmony and love)
Knit firm to thee the living vine,
We branches to each other prove:
Tender to thee as thine eye-ball;
Who touches *one*, muſt touch us *all*.

HYMN XI.

AMBITION.

Seek thoſe things that are above. Col. 3. 1.

1 WITHIN this frail, this mortal frame
Dwells an immortal mind;
A ſpark divine, an heav'nly flame,
That ſcorns to be confin'd.

2 This paltry world can ne'er ſupply
Enough for its deſires;
As ſoon with ſtubble might you try
To quench devouring fires.

3 This mind is fledg'd with ſoaring wings
To reach the throne of God:
And ſhall vile cobwebs, ſordid things,
Tye't down to earth's mean clod?

4 No, I deſpiſe earth's tinſel toys;
Its baubles I forego:
Fill'd with *imaginary* joys,
But with *ſubſtantial* woe!

5 I've an immortal crown to win;
Then to that ſtate aſcend,
Where *woes* can never once begin,
Where *joys* can never end.

HYMN XII.

THE HAPPY BELIEVER.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help; whoſe hope is in the Lord his God. Pſa. 146. 5.

1 HAIL happy Believer in Jeſus!
Tho' all things around thee may frown;
At preſent whatever thy caſe is,
This know, thou art born to a crown.

2 Then

2 Then let not earth's trifles diſtreſs thee,
Thy kingdom's preparing above:
Thy God is determin'd to bleſs thee
With joys that can never remove.

3 O envy not thoſe that aſpire;
Tho' wicked men proſper don't grieve:
When *theirs* is all burnt up with fire,
Thy portion will be to receive.

4 Hail happy Believer in Jeſus!
No longer for trifles then care;
Thy kingdom above never ceaſes,
And Jeſus will ſoon call thee there.

HYMN XIII.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF GRACE.

He is able to ſave to the uttermoſt. Heb. 7. 25.

1 YE fearful ſouls your doubts diſmiſs,
For you grace all-ſufficient is;
And Jeſus precious blood alone
Is all-ſufficient to atone.

2 What tho your ſins exceed the ſand
That croud along the ebbing ſtrand;
His blood like the returning tide
Flows deep, and all your ſins ſhall hide.

3 What tho' againſt you there appear
Ten thouſand talents in arrear;
Jeſus ſuſtain'd the mighty loſs,
And blots your debt out by his croſs.

4 What tho' your enemies are ſtrong,
And weakneſs does to you belong;
The mighty God is your ally;
Your foes ſhall all before you fly.

5 What tho' your way may be perplext,
Doubtful which path to take the next;
His Providence will ſtop the *wrong*,
Or in the *right* guide you along.

6 Then let not unbelief prevail,
Nor pleaſe your envious foes ſo well:
Depreciate not the Saviour's blood,
Nor doubt the promiſe of a God.

HYMN XIV.

DESERTION.

Wherefore doſt thou forget us for ever?
Lam. 5. 20, 21.

1 LONG have we penſive ſat,
And mourn'd an abſent God;
Bewail'd our barren ſtate,
And ſpread our griefs abroad:
When, when alas!
Our deareſt Lord,
Wilt thou afford
Thy ſmiling face.?

2 When inwards we retire,
And think paſt favours o'er;
Our doubting ſouls enquire,
Shall ſuch be ſhewn no more?
No more ſhall we
For ever prove
Thine ancient love,
Thy kindneſs ſee?

3 Will Jeſus ſtill forget;
Nor viſit once again
The ſouls for whom he ſweat,
And bore ſuch mighty pain?
It cannot be—
He's mindfull ſtill,
And ever will
Of calvary!

4 Tho' now he ſeems to frown,
His love why ſhould we doubt?
The ſun goes often *down*,
Yet never does go *ont*:
He ſinks each night
Beneath the main,
To riſe again
With beams more bright.

5 Ceaſe then each guilty fear;
Let ev'ry doubt be gone;
Jeſus will ſoon appear,
Our never-ſetting ſun.

Then

Then ſhall we praiſe
With warmer zeal;
When once we feel
His quick'ning rays.

HYMN XV.

FAREWELL TO THE WORLD.

The time paſt of our life may ſuffice us to have wrought the will of the gentiles. 1. Pet. 4. 3.

1 VAIN world adieu, your wiles give o'er,
I am no longer yours;
To win my heart attempt no more,
Nor ſpread your gilded lures.

2 Too oft have you my hopes deceiv'd,
While nothing you beſtow:
Of heav'nly *joys* my ſoul bereav'd,
And fill'd my heart with *woe!*

3 Now I your ſervitude diſclaim;
On all your offers tread:
I'm raviſh'd by a nobler aim,
To purer pleaſures led.

4 Yes, now my Saviours love I know,
Here I perfection find:
To him ten thouſand motives draw;
Ten thouſand bleſſings bind.

5 Dear Jeſus (my much injur'd Lord,)
Thy rightful claim aſſert:
Subdue thy rivals with thy *ſword*,
And with thy *love* my heart.

HYMN XVI.

THE DIFFICULTY OF SUBMISSION UNDER AFFLICTIONS.

It is come upon thee and thou fainteſt. Job. 4. 5.

1 WHEN the Refiner to the fire
Commits his precious ore;
We much his art, and ſkill admire,
Nor doubt his love the more.

2 So chriſtians do this truth profeſs
Undoubtedly to hold;
That God will try them more or leſs,
If they are his true gold.

3 But when the purifying flame
We once begin to prove;
We ſtart, we wonder, and exclaim;
Alas, can this be love!

4 Oh, for a more ſubmiſſive mind;
Then like the paſſive gold;
We'll melt, and leave our droſs behind,
And take the heav'nly mold.

HYMN XVII.

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

Who is he that condemneth? &c. Rom. 8. 34.

1 MY hopes are founded on the rock
That is in Zion laid;
What then my confidence ſhould ſhock,
Or make my ſoul afraid?

2 Ah! were is he that dares condemn,
In heav'n, or earth, or hell?
Jeſus my ſurety bore my blame,
And God approv'd it well.

3 High on a croſs he bled, he dy'd,
My rebel ſoul to ſave:
For me the King, the Crucify'd
His ſoul an off'ring gave.

4 High on a throne of glory bright,
He now exalted ſtands;
Preſenting to his Father's ſight,
The nail-prints in his hands.

5 The Father ſmiles—all heav'n approves,
And Satan hides his head:
Fear not my ſoul—God *ever* loves—
The Saviour *once* hath bled.

HYMN XVIII.

INVOCATION BEFORE SERMON.

Sanctify them thro' thy truth, thy word is truth.
John 17. 17.

1 FATHER of lights, and God of love,
Free fountain of all good:
Whoſe truth, firm as thy throne above,
Eternally has ſtood.

2 On

2 On each aſſembled in this place,
O look with pity down:
And now with all-ſufficient grace
Thine own appointment crown.

3 We open thine unerring word;
Thy Will we thence explore:
Open our underſtandings Lord,
And wiſdom's precious ſtore.

4 Aſſiſt thy ſervant to proclaim,
And us thy word to prove.
Give light, and liberty to him;
To us, give life, and love.

5 May he, thy pure and perfect Will
With faithfulneſs impart:
And may thy ſpirit deeply ſeal
The ſame on ev'ry heart.

6 Then ſhall our fruit to thee abound,
Then ſhall we to thee live:
And as our fruit from *thee* is found,
To *thee* the glory give.

HYMN XIX.

THE LAST WORDS OF A DYING FRIEND.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that paſs by? behold and ſee, if there be any ſorrow like nnto my ſorrow.
Lam. 1. 12.

1 LEAVE mortals, leave your trifling toys,
And to thoſe groans, thoſe mournful cries
A moment lend your ear.
Behold what paſſes on yon tree;
'Tis Jeſus dies! Oh yes 'tis he!
His laſt entreaties hear.

2 The dying ſpeeches of the great,
And thoſe you love, you oft repeat;
And think they much intend:
O then, if friendſhip moves you thus,
And dying words---ſee on that croſs,
Expires the world's beſt Friend!

3 Yes, 'tis the ſame almighty voice
That bid the mountains upwards riſe,
And ſunk the hollow ſeas.

Whoſe

Whoſe ſov'reign Will alone controls
Unnumber'd worlds—beſeeching ſouls,
In accents mild as theſe.

4 " Attend, attend ye paſſers by!
" Oh let mine agonizing cry,
" Your ſtubborn ears allure:
" Slight me no more---behold and ſee,
" Where can ſuch mighty ſorrows be,
" As theſe which I endure?

5 " If God, my Father and my Friend,
" On me (who never did offend)
" Such grievous pains inflict!
" For crimes imputed——What can ye,
" From an incenſed Deity
" Ah what can ye expect!

6 " Each falling ſtroke, each gaping wound,
" In awful language does reſound
" The vengeance you may fear!
" Hence, O ye careleſs ſouls preſume
" What you muſt feel---and read your doom
" Deep writ in ev'ry ſcar.

7 " Chriſtians

7 " Chriſtians, behold my love---How great
" Theſe bleeding characters relate:
" Oh read the crimſon lines!
" Mourn that your ſins have pierc'd me thus;
" Yet while you mourn, rejoice---my croſs
" Proves fatal to your ſins."

HYMN XX.

THE CONTEST.

A Dialogue between Angels and Chriſtians.

Chriſtians.

1 ANGELS, we fain would vie with you
To praiſe our common head:
But *you* to him ſtood always true,
And *we* have diſobey'd.

Angels.

2 Chriſtians, altho' we never ſwerv'd,
No praiſe to us is due;
When Satan fell---Grace *us* preſerv'd,
And grace redeemed *you*.

Chr.

Chr.

Our natures can't with yours compare;
Depraved from our birth:
Of heav'nly origin *you* are;
We're offsprings of the earth.

Ang.

Our Lord for you was born, and died
To raise your lapsed pow'rs:
Your nature he has dignified;
He ne'er took on him *ours*.

Chr.

But when to praise him *we* intend,
Alas, how faint our song!
While *you* unwearied, without end
Your loftier lays prolong.

Ang.

To praise our God, what pow'r we have,
We from himself derive:
And of that pow'r (his word he gave*)
He will not *you* deprive.

Chr.

* Isa. 43. 21.

Chr.

7 Yet *we* are clogg'd with cumbrous clay;
Vile priſon of the mind.
You o'er the realms of boundleſs day
Range ever unconfin'd.

Ang.

8 We own we have th' advantage here,
But this will not be long:
Soon from this priſon you'll be clear,
And join our heav'nly ſong.

Chr.

9 Then let us all our efforts raiſe.
Angels your muſic bring;
And we in humble ſongs will praiſe
Our Saviour, and *your* King.

HYMN XXI.

CONTRASTED CHARACTERS OF CHRIST

His name ſhall be called wonderful, &c. Iſa. 11.

1 LYON of Judah, Lamb of God,
Moſt meek, moſt mighty Lord!
Iſrael's Redeemer, Iſrael's Rod:
His Sceptre and his Sword!

2 In anger kind, in love ſevere;
Majeſtically mild!
The mighty God whom angels fear;
The Virgin's tender Child!

3 Thou waſt, and art, and evermore
Wilt ſtill remain the ſame:
I love thee Lord, and I adore
Thy ever wond'rous name!

HYMN XXII.

Sung on Opening the Tabernacle at Trowbridge, Nov. 20, 1771.

DEDICATION.

This is none other but the houſe of God,
Gen. 28. 17.

1 HOW awful is this place!
What ſweetly ſolemn ſtate!
Sure 'tis God's Houſe, his ſeat of Grace:
'Tis heav'n's majeſtic Gate.

2 Let All with cautious feet
Approach this facred ground;
And bow with adoration fweet,
And reverence profound.

3 Ye careleſs Sinners fear;
Keep diſtance ye profane!
And ſtand in awe, for God is here;
His honour he'll maintain.

4 Let Phariſees beware!
(Here ev'ry thought is try'd)
Nor make God's houſe of humble pray'r,
A nurs'ry for their pride.

5 But come poor Penitents,
Your humble ſuit prefer:
To ev'ry ſinner who repents,
God will be gracious here.

6 With all ye weeping Saints,
Whom deep afflictions drown:
Here may you drop your ſad complaints,
And lay your ſorrows down.

7 An

7 And ye thrice happy Race,
Who have redemption found;
Unite your ſongs, and make this place
With ſhouts of praiſe reſound.

8 Once zealous Souls—who yet
Have yielded to the fleſh;
Come, and your former vows repeat,
And take up arms afreſh.

9 May all Deſcriptions find
This is the houſe of God;
Where Grace with Majeſty is join'd,
Thro' Jeſus' precious blood.

10 And O moſt gracious Lord!
To all who thee adore
Within theſe Walls, do thou afford
Thy preſence evermore.

Sung

HYMN XXIII.

Sung after reading the 6th chapter of the 2d of Chronicles, and three first verses of the 7th chap.

1 GREAT Lord of All! this House O deign
Thy residence to view:
'Tis but thine own we give again,
And claim thyself in lieu.

2 Our humble, hearty boon receive;
Fulfil our warm desire:
Now, now thine ancient signal give,
And answer us by fire.

3 Fire our devotion by thy love;
Our sacrifice inflame:
Then will it mount t'wards Thee above,
And shew from whence it came.

HYMN XXIV.

JEHOVAH SHAMMAH—*The Lord is there.*

Sung after Sermon, from Ezec. 48. 35.

1 THOU great first Cause, and final End!
From thee All came, on thee depend;
In ev'ry place, and time the same,
Jehovah Shammah, is thy name.

2 Thro

2 Thro' the unmeaſur'd fields of ſpace,
Is thine unbounded dwelling-place;
Nor can the heav'n of heav'ns on high,
E'er circumſcribe thy Majeſty.

3 Shall then this houſe be thine abode;
Shall man erect a ſeat for God:
Or walls of ſtone preſume to vie,
With his bright palace in the ſky?

4 Yes, tho' our God reigns o'er the ſkies,
On earth his fav'rite manſion lies!
Where ſaints aſſemble, he is known,
And ev'ry contrite heart's his throne.

5 Then condeſcend O God of grace,
To enter now thy reſting-place:
This houſe that's for thy footſtool ſet,
O beautify it with thy feet.

6 Here to thy people's various pray'r,
At all times bow a gracious ear:
Forgive their ſins, their foes confound;
Let bleſſings o'er their wants abound.

7 Here may thy word be truly taught;
Thine ordinances gladly ſought;
Sinners converted, ſaints built up
In holy joy, and humble hope.

8 Here may men ſound thy praiſe abroad,
And ſhout the wonder-working God:
Triumph o'er Satan, ſelf and ſin,
And thouſands here their heaven begin.

9 Then we with gladneſs will declare
Jehovah Shammah, God is there!
Be here great God—and may this place
Be thine abode till time ſhall ceaſe.

HYMN XXV.

JACOB'S LADDER.

And he dreamed, and behold, a ladder ſet upon earth, and the top of it reached to heaven, Gen 28. 12.

1 SEE Jacob's Ladder here is ſet,
Whoſe top ſurmounts the ſkies!
Thro' this we all our mercies get;
God all our wants ſupplies.

2 This

2 This opens Paradiſe afreſh;
This makes a road to heav'n:
'Tis the dear Mediators fleſh,
For ſinful mortals giv'n.

3 (With God he's God, and Man with men;
This double nature bears:
That union to reſtore again,
Which ſin aſunder tears.)

4 This Ladder forms communion ſweet
Between the earth and ſkies:
Here ſaints and angels often meet,
And intermix their joys.

5 On this our bleſſings all come down;
Our pray'rs and praiſe aſcend—
We viſit God's all-gracious throne;
He viſits man his friend.

6 O let us leave earth's wretched ground,
And on this Ladder riſe;
Soon ſhall we gain its topmoſt round,
And enter heav'nly joys.

HYMN XXVI.

MOSES' ROD.

Send Lord by whom thou wilt send. Exo. 4. 13.

1 WHEN I reflect upon my work,
And on my weakneſs too:
My foes how many, and my gifts
How feeble and how few!

2 Like Moſes, my poor coward heart
Would fain the taſk refuſe—
And ſend O Lord by whom thou wilt,
But only *me* excuſe.

3 But hark! what voice is that I hear,
That chides my ling'ring ſtay?
'Tis His, whom Devils ever fear;
Whom Angels ſtill obey.

" 4 And am not I who ſend you forth,
" The all-ſufficient God;
" The rod who to a ſerpent turn'd,
" The ſerpent to a rod?

" 5 Tis I who give the pow'r of ſpeech;
" And you my promiſe have,
" That were my providence may call,
" My pow'r ſhall be to ſave."

6 Lord 'tis enough——Arm'd with thy Rod,
I'll boldly go and tell
To ſinners all thou ſhalt command,
And brave th' aſſaults of Hell.

HYMN XXVII.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD SUITED TO HIS CREATURES.

Who art thou that replieſt againſt God? Rom. ix. 20.

1 GOD is a Sov'reign, and his Will
Is the ſole law which guides him ſtill;
Yet who abuſe of Pow'r need fear?
He is all Wiſe, and cannot err.

2 Then let each murm'ring tongue be mute,
Nor dare its Maker's Right diſpute;
But ev'ry heart ſecurely truſt,
For he is infinitely Juſt.

3 To doubt his Love no creatures need;
His Goodneſs does all bounds exceed:
And oh, forbear to tempt his Rod,
For he's an Holy jealous God.

4 Let no bold wretch perverſely dare
Plead his Decree to nurſe diſpair:
But all with thankfulneſs embrace
The faithful Offers of his Grace.

5 His Mercy does to all extend
Who to his footſtool humbly bend:
And all who truſt him may be ſure,
His Truth for ever will endure.

6 He's ever Faithful to th' upright;
His Holineſs is their delight:
Nor leſs the Judgements that he ſhows
On all their ſins, and all their foes.

7 Thus God's Perfection's all agree,
And ſuit with man's neceſſity:
And none of happineſs need fear,
Who love his perfect Character.

HYMN XXVIII.

THE WONDERS OF THE CROSS.

Great is the Myſtery of Godlineſs! Tim. v. 16.

1 LO! what a ſtrange amazing ſight
Attracts my wond'ring eyes;
The Lord of glory, God of might,
Becomes a man and dies.

2 Heav'n's Majeſty behov'd to ſtoop,
Heav'n's happineſs to groan;
Rebellious meanneſs to raiſe up
From dunghills to a throne.

3 See natures' Author, and her Lord,
By his own works arraign'd:
Whom all the hoſts of heav'n ador'd;
Worms of the earth diſdain'd.

4 He, in whom all perfection's found,
Condemn'd by guilty laws.
That thoſe with glory might be crown'd,
Whoſe crimes were the ſole cauſe.

5 Almighty pow'r ſeem'd overcome;
Unerring wiſdom dup'd;
And life's eternal ſource and ſum,
To death's dark ſceptre ſtoop'd.

6 In Jeſus ſuch ſtrange *wonders* meet;
In him ſuch *love* abounds:
This makes my happineſs compleat,
While *that* my ſenſe confounds.

HYMN XXIX.

RETURN OF THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

For lo the winter is paſt. &c. Cant. ii. 11, 12, 13.

1 WHEN winter chills the ground,
All nature hangs its head;
Dark horrors ſpread around;
Beauty and joy are fled:
Scarce ſhines the ſun;
And when he does,
Clouds interpoſe,
And quench his noon.

2 No

No fruits, or flowers appear,
No grateful odours riſe;
The birds their ſongs forbear,
And ceaſe their ſprightly joys.
But when the ſun
His beams reſtore;
Winter's no more—
Joy is begun.

Ah, ſuch is my ſad caſe
When Jeſus is withdrawn;
He hides his ſmiling face,
And lo all pleaſures' gone!
I mope, I mourn;
Nor can I reſt,
Nor am I bleſt
'Till his return.

Great Sun of righteouſneſs,
With healing wings ariſe:
Theſe gloomy horrors chaſe,
Oh bleſs theſe longing eyes!

One look of thine
Will ſoon diſpel
This gloomy hell:
Shine, Saviour ſhine!

5 Then ſhall my doubts depart;
My drooping graces ſpring;
Then ſhall my barren heart
Fruit to perfection bring:
Then ſhall my praiſe,
In odours ſweet,
Riſe up to meet
Thy quick'ning rays.

HYMN XXX.

THE LORD'S PRESENCE IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Tho' I walk thro' the valley of the ſhadow of death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me.
Pſa. xxiii. 4.

1 HEAV'NLY Father be my guide,
Keep, oh keep me near thy ſide:
Loſt and helpleſs, where can I
But to thee my Father fly?

Let thy *gracious* hand direct;
Let thy *mighty* hand protect,
While I pass this world of strife;
'Till I reach eternal life.

2 Chiefly O indulgent Pow'r,
Smile upon my dying hour!
Let no enemy assail,
While I pass death's gloomy vale;
Let no doubt my views obscure;
Let no worldly wish allure;
Ev'ry fearful thought suppress;
Smooth my road to heav'nly bliss.

3 Then farewel vain world of strife;
Welcome everlasting life:
Nothing here shall tempt my stay,
Death's kind summons I'll obey.
Now adieu all mortal things,
Seraphs, take me on your wings;
Waft, oh waft me far away
To the realms of perfect day.

4 There the pleaſures of my mind,
Shall be vaſt and unconfin'd;
There in praiſes all divine,
With Archangels I ſhall join;
There in pureſt love to Thee,
Oh moſt glorious Trinity;
There in never ceaſing joy.
I ſhall ſpend eternity.

HYMN XXXI.

PRECIOUS FAITH.

According to your Faith be it unto you. Mat. ix. 29.

1 'TIS Faith is the gift
Poor ſinners ſhould prize;
'Tis Faith that muſt lift
Our ſouls to the ſkies;
'Tis this that enables
To bear trials well;
Spurn earth and its baubles,
And trample on hell.

2 Whatever

2 Whatever complaints
O'erwhelm the ſad mind;
Tho' wants upon wants
We ev'ry day find;
Temptations oppreſs us,
And ſorrows and ſins—
Faith ſoon does releaſe us,
And heaven begins.

3 Is Faith ſtrong and firm,
Each grace will then ſpring;
Our love will wax warm,
Our hope ſpread its wing;
Submiſſive our patience,
And ſprightly our joy;
And praiſe and obedience
Each motion employ.

4 But when Faith is weak,
Ah, where is the ſaint!
The whole head is ſick;
The whole heart is faint.

Our graces all feeble,
Our God out of ſight;
And death and the devil
Our poor ſouls affright.

5 Oh then, let us pray
More Faith may be giv'n
To us day by day,
'Till got ſafe to heav'n:
Where Faith will be ſwallow'd
In viſion, and then
God's name ſhall be hallow'd
For ever, Amen.

HYMN XXXII.

REVELATION

Who hath brought life and immortality to light by the Goſpel. 2. Tim. i. 10.

1 I OWN with ſorrow and with ſhame,
That I a guilty ſinner am:
But whence that ſinfulneſs aroſe,
'Tis Revelation muſt diſcloſe.

2 In

2 In all I think, or ſpeak, or do,
Much imperfection ſtill I view:
But I'm by Revelation taught,
How vile's each action, word and thought.

3 That God in *mercy* could forgive,
Some diſtant hope I might conceive;
And how in *juſtice* that can be,
From Revelation plain I ſee.

4 To find an advocate with God,
Making atonement by his blood,
To hope, what creature dare preſume,
Did Revelation not give room?

5 That 'tis my duty, ſure I deem,
To love and ſerve the Lord ſupreme:
But Revelation can alone
Point out that ſervice he will own.

6 Tho' I might gladly hope to have
Life, and true joy beyond the grave:
Yet lo! what darkneſs hangs between,
'Till Revelation clears the ſcene.

7 But that the body too ſhould riſe,
And ſhare the glories of the ſkies;
What mortal could pretend to know?
Yet Revelation tells me ſo.

8 I find that I a fitneſs needs,
Which all my nat'ral pow'r exceeds;
But how that fitneſs I may gain,
Tis Revelation muſt explain.

9 Then Revelation let me prize,
Which to ſalvation makes me wiſe.
And let me to that Saviour flee,
Who there reveals himſelf to me.

HYMN XXXIII.

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT SAVIOUR.

By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are ſanctified. Heb. x. 14.

1 AMAZING was the love!
Unſpeakable the grace!
That brought ſalvation from above,
To Adam's guilty race.

2 Ruin'd

2 Ruin'd and wretched too,
O'erwhelm'd with ſin and ſhame;
We nought to help ourſelves could do,
Nor help from others came.

3 Then did th' eternal God
Commiſerate our caſe;
And as on Cherub's wings he rode,
To reſcue rebel's baſe.

4 Not all th' angelic pow'rs,
(Had they been ſo inclin'd
To ſubſtitute their ſtate for ours)
An equal price could find.

5 Not all the realms below,
(Replete with loſs and pain)
Could ample ſatisfaction ſhow,
Or wipe away the ſtain.

6 'Twas God's coëqual Son,
That vail'd himſelf in clay!
And by one off'ring he alone
Took all our ſins away.

7. Had

7 Had I ten thouſand tongues,
They ne'er due praiſe could bring;
Should ev'ry tongue, ten thouſand ſongs,
Thro' countleſs ages ſing.

HYMN XXXIV.

THE BEST BENEFACTOR.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wiſe caſt out.
John. vi. 37.

1 YE wretched and poor,
This, this is the door
Where alms are moſt freely beſtow'd:
A ſorrowful heart
Did never depart
The threſhold of Jeſus our God.

2 Lo, ſee how he ſtands
With outſtretched hands,
And hear him moſt kindly declare:
"Here's bread, and a home
"For all who will come,
"And clothes for the naked and bare."

3 Who

3 Who then dare ſtand by,
And ſullenly cry?
"No, no 'tis not me that he means."
If you've a mind gave,
An alms you would have:
'Tis you, tho' he calls not your names.

4 Oh make no delay,
To Chriſt haſte away;
E'er long, and he'll ſhut mercy's door.
Then tho' you ſhall cry,
And bitterly ſigh;
You'll hear his kind meſſage no more.

HYMN XXXV.

THE HAPPY MAN.

Happy is the man that findeth wiſdom. Pro. iii. 13.
Bleſſed is he whoſe tranſgreſſion is forgiven. Pſa. xxxii. 1, 2.

1 HAPPY is he who attains to know,
His proper buſineſs here below;
Made wiſe his real ſtate to learn,
And his true int'reſt to diſcern.

2 Happy

2 Happy is he whoſe faults bemoan'd
Are by the Saviour's blood aton'd;
Whom God his judge acquits from blame;
Whoſe conſcience teſtifies the ſame.

3 Happy is he who is ſincere;
T' offend his God his only fear:
To do his will, and taſte his love,
The only joy he does approve.

4 Happy is he who is content,
Thankful for mercies daily ſent;
Who patiently endures his woes,
And with delight his duty does.

5 This is the man who gains the end,
Which his Creator did intend:
Whoſe life is crown'd with ſolid peace,
And with his days his joys increaſe.

6 (Not boiſt'rous, muddy, ſea-wrought joy;
The ſpume of pride or vanity:
But ſteady, ſoft, ſerene and clear;
And deep as peaceful rivers* are.)

7 Thro'

* Iſa. xlviii. 18.

7 Thro' life he calmly glides along,
Unmingling with the giddy throng;
'Till death, which ends their ſhallow bliſs,
Will give perfection unto his.

8 Then ſhall he nobly mount on high,
To join the buſineſs of the ſky:
There on tranſporting pleaſures live,
Such as a God of love can give.

HYMN XXXVI.

TRIUMPHING OVER THIS WORLD IN PROSPECT OF A BETTER.

Here we have no continuing city, but we ſeek one to come. Heb. xiii. 14.

1 ALAS for this region of ſhades!
Dark valley of viſions and dreams!
This world of vain ſhows and parades,
And every thing but what it ſeems!
A ſtate where nought ſtable abides;
Where evils from evils ſtill grow;
Confuſion and diſcord preſides,
And nothing is certain but woe.

2 What's here to deſerve a deſire?
Or wiſhing, what hope to obtain?
Or gaining—Earth's joys moſt entire,
How ſlight, and how ſoon to reſign!
Sage mortals, the wiſe and the juſt,
Surrender to fools, and to knaves:
Proud heroes are roll'd in the duſt;
While cripples dance over their graves.

3 Let fools of the dignities dream,
Which blind fickle Fortune affords:
Her ſmiles, and her frowns I contemn;
I trample on ſceptres and ſwords.
There's nought o'er this pitiful clod,
Or in the bright regions above;
Can ſatisfy me, but a God;
Can yield me delight, but his love.

4 How long muſt I trace the ſad gloom,
And here a ſtray foreigner pine:
How long ſhall vile matter entomb
A ſoul that's immortal, divine!

Whirl round Time's ſlow loitering wheel,
The dreary enchantment diſſolve:
My country no longer conceal;
Whirl round, and my fate diſ-involve.

5 What tho' now I ſink, now I riſe;
On ſeas of viciſſitude toſt!
I'm heir to a throne in the ſkies;
My title can never be loſt.
What, tho' ſoon Time's whirlpool ingurge
Whate'er is found mortal of me!
Soon, ſoon ſhall this alſo emerge,
To ride a more pacific ſea.

6 Let vengeance brimful, quench the ſun;
The ſtars from their orbits be hurl'd;
Confuſion all nature o'errun;
And world fiercely daſh againſt world:
My heart ſhall not yield to diſmay!
When nature and creature is paſt,
My God is my ſtrength, and my ſtay,
And ſhall be my portion at laſt,*

* Pſa. xlvi. 1, 2, 3.

HYMN XXXVII.

MOSES POINTING TO CHRIST.

Rom. x. 5,—10. Paraphraſed.

1 MOSES the meſſenger of God,
Indulg'd to know his Maker's will;
To ſpread his royal law abroad,
And nature's ancient rule reveal,
Pronounc'd the man who did it bleſt,
Yet ſought himſelf a better reſt.

2 For well he knew, the law requir'd
A righteouſneſs he could not give;
Yet to perform, no ſtrength inſpir'd;
But ſternly cry'd---"Do this and live:"
Therefore he turn'd (and points us each)
To the mild goſpel's gentler ſpeech.

3 No airy flight to heav'n or hell,
To ſound the deep, or ſcale the ſky:
As tho' the Saviour thence to ſteal,
Or fetch unwilling from on high.

Vain,

Vain, fooliſh thought! but goſpel faith
Hath different language, thus it ſaith:

4 "Ceaſe vain atchiever, ſpare thy ſweat;
"To ranſack heav'n and hell forbear;
"Salvation is declar'd compleat:
"Why ſeek ſo wide, what lies ſo near?
"'Tis in thy heart, thy mouth alone;
"Believe, confeſs*—the deed is done."

5 'Tis cordial faith does ſinners lead,
To Chriſt the ſource of righteouſneſs;
And ſaints by conſtant love proceed,
'Till they the full reward poſſeſs.
Believe, confeſs, with mouth and mind,
Nor ſeparate what God hath join'd.

HYMN

* Confeſſion here comprehends a holy life, as the beſt evidence of a true faith, and not barely the expreſſion of the lips. To confeſs Chriſt was ſo dangerous at the time St. Paul wrote this, that it might be ſuppoſed none would venture to do it unleſs they had true faith.

HYMN XXXVIII.

THE PORT OF REST.

So he bringeth them to the Haven where they would be.
Pſa. cvii. 30.

1 SEE, how the tempeſt ſweeps the ſkies;
See, how the ſeas in mountains riſe;
And terrors round me roll!
Lo now I riſe, lo now I ſink;
And ev'ry moment ſeems the brink
Of ruin to my ſoul!

2 I toil, I ev'ry effort ſtrain;
I pray and ſweat, and pray again;
But hope, alas I've none!
My bark is daſh'd upon the rock,
The flood well nigh my ſpirits choke,
I'm ſinking! Oh, I'm gone!

3 Now, now I ſpy the Port of Reſt!
New life rekindles in my breaſt—
The promiſe of a God;

Eternal

Eternal, changeleſs, firm and free;
Made to the wretched, made to me,
And ratify'd with blood.

4 Here then I fix my anchor faſt;
My bark ſhall ride out ev'ry blaſt,
From ſinking I'm ſecure:
The winds and waves obey'd his will;
He calm'd them *both*, with, Peace —Be ſtill—
No more—my ſoul no more!

HYMN XXXIX.

BOASTING IN CHRIST.

I can do all things, &c. Phil. iv. 13.

1 AN arrogant boaſt
It ſurely muſt ſeem!
Shall worms of the duſt
Omnipotence claim?
Yet lo! what ſaint Paul ſings,
Each chriſtian may too:
Tho' weaker than all things,
He all things can do.

2 The

2 The half of his feats
'Twould fail me to tell:
The whole world he beats; *
He tramples on hell; †
He challenges juſtice
To find in him fault; ‡
And e'en heav'n his truſt is
To take by aſſault! §

3 He waxes in pow'r
The greater his foes; ‖
And proſpers the more,
The more they oppoſe: ¶
He conquers their hate, or **
If that can't be done;
He does what is greater,
He conquers his own. ††

4 The ſtate he is in
Affords him content:
To loſe or to win;
To have or to want: ‡‡ Come

* 1 John, v. 4, 5.---†1 Cor. xv. 55, margin.---‡Rom. viii. 33, 34.---§Mat. xi. 12.---‖Deut. xxxiii. 25.---¶Exo. i. 12.---**Rom. xii. 21.---††Prov. xvi. 32.---‡‡Phil. iv. 11, 12.

Come high things, come low things,
In peace, or in thrall;
He's careful for nothing,
Yet thankful for all. †
When moſt he's diſtreſt,
He moſt can rejoice; *
And ever ſings beſt,
When tears drown his voice: ‡
The dark valley paſſes
Of death undiſmay'd;
And judgement he faces,
And is not afraid. ¶
Yet lo, all this pow'r
Is none of his own!
He'd faint ev'ry hour
If once left alone:
From Chriſt he derives it,
There, there is his ſtore!
And the glory, he gives it
To Chriſt ever more.

† Phil. iv. 6. * Jam. i. 2. ‡ 1 Pet. iv. 13. ¶ 1 John v. 17.

HYMN XL.

ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS, *July*, 1770.

Bleſs the Lord O my ſoul, &c. Pſa. ciii. 1—4.

1 BLESS thou the Lord my ſoul!
The Maker of my frame;
And all my inward faculties
Combine to bleſs his name.

2 Bleſs thou the Lord my ſoul!
His goodneſs claims no leſs:
For conſtant as thy moments roll,
His benefits increaſe.

3 The Lord, whoſe tender care
T'wards thee has ever been:
Whoſe healing hand thy health reſtores,
Whoſe love forgives thy ſin.

4 Whoſe grace redeem'd thy life;
For which hell vainly ſtrove:
That *life*, in daily mercy ſpares,
And chears with hourly love.

5 Be all his bounteous gifts
That crown my mortal breath,
In *life* devoted to his praiſe,
'Till render'd back by *death*.

6 But lo! my nobleſt joys
Death's utmoſt pow'r deride;
Springing from God's eternal throne,
They firm as that abide.

HYMN XLI.

TRUE FAITH DISTINGUISHED.

It worketh by love. Gal. v. 6.
Purifieth the heart. Acts xv. 9.
Produceth good fruits. Mat. vii. 17.

1 THAT we are ſav'd by Faith alone,
God's holy word aſſerts;
But *pride* this doctrine does diſown,
And *wickedneſs* perverts.

2 Some think, in Faith they ſo abound
Salvation is their due!
Thus Faith with works they would confound,
Yet *neither* have to ſhew.

3 An empty notion ſome profeſs,
And think they now believe;
As if to ſee, was to poſſeſs,
To know, was to receive.

4 Others, becauſe they ne'er did doubt,
They muſt have Faith conclude:
As well might thoſe of vict'ry ſhout,
Who ne'er in battle ſtood.

5 But thoſe who *moſt* themſelves deceive,
And ſure deſtruction win;
Are ſuch who boaſt that they believe,
And yet are ſlaves to ſin.

6 But Faith (if genuine) has theſe ends;
T' exalt the Lord alone;
On his ſole merits it depends,
And quite diſclaims its own.

7 It is an all-ſubduing pow'r,
All-purifying grace;
Of holineſs brings forth the *flow'r*,
And *fruits* of righteouſneſs.

8 It fills the heart with gratitude,
And thence the life renews:
And while vain works it does exclude,
The nobleſt works produce.

HYMN XLII.

THE LAW
AS IT RESPECTS SINNERS.

The law is weak thro' the fleſh. Rom. viii. 3.

1 GOD's holy Law in part or whole,
Can never juſtify a ſoul;
For where is he who dares to ſay,
He does not break it day by day?

2 But has God giv'n a Law to men,
That's vain and nugatory then?
It did with man's true ſtate agree;
And ſtill ſhews what he ought to be.

3 The Law's a ſtraight and perfect rule,
And deviates not 'cauſe man's a fool;
And thoſe ſufficient pow'rs has loſt,
Which his primeval ſtate could boaſt.

4 The Law deſcribes the proper road,
Which ſhould by ev'ry man be trode:
But can the poſt that ſhews the way,
To the lame trav'ler ſtrength convey?

5 Yet 'tis not that the Law is weak:
The leaſt commandment that we break,
Has pow'r ſufficient to condemn,
And doom us to eternal ſhame.

6 The Law has ſtill theſe uſes plain;
Men from exceſſes to reſtrain,
And ſhew to all what need they have
Of an almighty Friend to ſave.

HYMN XLIII.

THE LAW
AS IT RESPECTS SAINTS.

The commandment is holy, and juſt, and goo
Rom. vii. 12.

1 GOD has a Law to mortals ſent,
Of ſov'reign ſanction, vaſt extent:
Outward to every action brought,
Inward it reaches to the thought.

2 T

2 This Law, tho' ſtrict, ſo ſimple is,
And ſo congenial to our bliſs;
Its full extent two precepts prove,
Yea one ſhort ſyllable, 'tis Love!

3 But love, altho' man's proper good,
(And was, while undeprav'd he ſtood)
Is now become his foreſt taſk,
And ſupernat'ral pow'r does aſk.

4 With the whole ſoul, and ſtrength, and mind,
Love to our God—to all our kind
As to ourſelves; full, free, ſincere;
From ev'ry imperfection clear.

5 This was the rule of nature ſtill,
Publiſh'd abroad on Sinai's hill;
Exemplify'd by God's own Son,
And thro' eternity will run.

6 This Law in heav'n will ſtronger bind,
Increaſing obligations find:
Nor can this rule of right remove,
While there's a God of Love to love.

HYMN

HYMN XLIV.

THE SINNER'S ONLY PLEA.

Oh ſave me for thy Mercy's ſake. Pſa, vi. 4.

1 LORD I have done—my mouth I cloſe;
Vain works I urge no more:
My ſtubble to thy fire oppoſe;*
Or trifle with thy pow'r.

2 No longer dare I name deſert,
Bereft of ev'ry plea;
Does helpleſs mis'ry move thy heart?
Then thou muſt pity me.

3 Pity and pardon Lord I crave,
No merit can I boaſt;
Thy freeſt pardon I muſt have,
Or be for ever loſt.

4 But can thy righteouſneſs allow,
That grace ſhould triumph thus?
Yes, thy bleſt volume ſhews me how,
And points me to thy croſs.

5 There

* Iſa. xxvii. 4.

5 There I behold my cancell'd blame,
My guilty ſoul ſet clear:
Juſtice and mercy both the ſame,
And God no more ſevere.

6 O may this reconciling view
My utmoſt efforts raiſe:
Works leſs I'll urge, but more I'll do,
And thou ſhalt have the praiſe.

HYMN XLV.

THE AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE.

The 71ſt Pſalm paraphraſed.

1 GREAT God the author and the end
Of all things, and the ſinner's friend:
I caſt myſelf, and all my care
On thee—O let me not deſpair.

2 When difficulties round me preſs,
Open a way for my redreſs:
For thou in juſtice now canſt have
An ear to hear, an arm to ſave.

3 My God, on ev'ry new ſurpriſe,
As the defenceleſs Rabbit flies
Into the rock, * ſo I to thee
My Rock, at thy commandment flee.

4 From men of fraud, and men of blood,
Thro' life protect me O my God:
For from my earlieſt youth thou know'ſt,
I've made thy ſacred name my boaſt.

5 'Twas thou exiſtence to me gave,
'Tis thou preſerv'ſt me from the grave;
From thee all bleſſings I derive,
And to thy praiſe O may I live,

Second Part.

6 GREAT is the work I'm call'd to do,
Great are the trials I go thro':
Men wonder I can bear the load;
But I've a ſtrong, almighty God.

7 To thee the honour ſhall be paid,
For all thy counſel and thy aid;
And daily I'll aſcribe to thee
The praiſe of all that's done by me.

8 When

* Compare the Margin with Pſa. civ. 18.

8 When age draws on, and ſtrength ſhall fail;
Num'rous infirmities prevail:
From fretful cares thy ſervant keep;
My foes would gladly ſee me ſlip.

9 But O my God be thou ſtill near
To help me, then I will not fear;
For all that watch to do me wrong,
Shall be deceiv'd, and bite their tongue.

10 But I continually will hope;
And as thy favour bears me up,
To all thy kind deliv'rance tell,
And in thy praiſe yet more excel.

Third Part.

11 MY mouth with pleaſure ſhall proclaim,
Thy great ſalvation, and thy name:
Thy glorious works of righteouſneſs,
No numbers ever can expreſs.

12 In thy almighty ſtrength I'll go,
Nor fear the perſecuting foe:
And of thy righteouſneſs alone,
I'll preach—for other there is none.

13 Ev'n from my youth I've known thy name,
And hitherto have taught the ſame:
O leave me not when hoary hairs
Portend infirmities and cares.

14 Thy righteouſneſs all thought exceeds,
Thou haſt perform'd amazing deeds;
And great has been thy love to me:
Lord who can e'er compare with thee!

15 Old-age, and death itſelf muſt come;
But O, before thou tak'ſt me home,
To preach thy word aſſiſt me ſtill,
'Till I've accompliſh'd all thy will.

Fourth Part.

16 MANY, and great, and grievous are
The troubles I am call'd to bear:
But thou, who doſt thoſe troubles ſhew,
Supports me in, and bring'ſt me thro'.

17 Thou wilt me raiſe, however low,
On ev'ry ſide make comforts flow:
My flock, my family, my ſoul
Wilt bleſs—till all my joy is full.

18 O make me great in uſefulneſs,
And my unworthy labours bleſs:
Then all my inſtruments of joy,
I'll daily in thy praiſe employ.

19 I'll praiſe thee with my lips, my tongue;
My heart, my ſoul, ſhall join the ſong;
For thou didſt my loſt ſoul redeem
From death's dark ſhades, and woes extreme.

20 My God, I'll boaſt of all thy ways,
And numbers I'll provoke to praiſe:
Far round thy righteous dealings ſpread,
And all my foes ſhall hide their head.

HYMN XLIV.

THE PRECIOUS GOSPEL.

The Trumpet ſhall be blown, and they ſhall come which were ready to periſh. Iſa. xxvii. 13.

1 HARK, hark the glad ſound!
'Thro earth doth rebound;
Return home ye captives a ranſom is found.

2 For every grief
Here's fov'reign relief;
Salvation for ſinners, of whom I am chief.

3 Then make no delay,
Caſt fear far away:
Seize ſinners your portion, and bleſs the gla
[day

4 Salvation is yours
With all its rich ſtores:
'Tis mercy beſtows it, 'tis juſtice ſecures.

5 However diſtreſt,
If this is poſſeſt,
You're richer than Indies, the eaſt, and the we

6 Ye beggars then riſe;
Now ſhew yourſelves wiſe;
Riſe, riſe from your dunghills, and ſeize t
[rich pri

7 Bleſt ſpirit exert
Thy pow'r on each heart,
And all that is wanting moſt freely impart.

8 No

Now, now the will give,
And pow'r to believe;
Thy meſſage to welcome, thy praiſes to live.

HYMN XLVII.

PARDON FOR SINNERS.

The 130 *Pſalm paraphraſed.*

FROM depths of miſery and ſin;
Fightings without, and fears within;
To God my trembling lips did cry;
To God my heart ſent forth a ſigh.

Oh! ſtay thy much deſerved ire;
Bow down thine ear to my deſire;
Attend O Lord to my requeſt,
And let thy mercy on me reſt.

Should'ſt thou be ſtrict to mark our faults,
And notice all our guilty thoughts:
Alas! which of our race could ſtand
Thy piercing eye, thy mighty hand.

4 But thro' thy Son thou canſt forgive,
And bid deſpairing ſinners live;
And thus impreſs by gentle love,
That fear, which vengeance could not move.

5 Then ſhall my ſoul ſtill wait for thee,
'Till I compleat ſalvation ſee.
Lord 'tis thy word ſupports my hope,
And bears my fainting ſpirits up.

6 As thoſe who've watch'd a tedious night,
Catch the firſt beams of dawning light;
So longs my ſoul to ſee thy face,
Shining with all-forgiving grace.

7 Let Iſrael learn to truſt the Lord,
For plenteous pardon he'll afford:
Mercy aboundeth with our God,
Ev'n then, when moſt you feel his rod.

8 What tho' your ſins all bounds exceed;
For boundleſs ſins Chriſt came to bleed;
And all who were for heav'n deſign'd,*
Shall full and free redemption find.

HYMN XLVII

* Acts xiii. 48.

HYMN XLVIII.

HAPPY SERVITUDE.

In keeping of them is great Reward. Pſa. xix. 11.

WHY do miſtaken mortals deem
The yoke of Jeſus ſuch a load?
Why to their thoughts ſo painful ſeem
The gentle mandates of our God?

But Jeſus' true diſciples know,
Obedience is their higheſt bliſs:
All his commands from mercy flow,
To do them perfect freedom is.

When ſaints retire their God to find,
Or to his courts glad homage bring:
Which by the intercourſe has gain'd?
The favour'd ſubject, or the King?

Does he one day in ſeven aſk?
What does he, but our toils relax
To reſt with him, and eaſe the taſk
Which the too cruel world exacts?

5 When we to all due honour give;
And ceaſe from envy, and from ſtrife:
In preſent peace we happy live;
That peace prolongs our happy life.

6 If we relieve the needy poor,
Their wants our diſcontent relieve;
The contraſt doubles all our ſtore,
And in beſtowing we receive.

7 Do we from ſoft indulgence riſe,
And viſit beds of pain and grief?
Bleſt with the healthful exerciſe,
Our own diſorders find relief.

8 If we are temp'rate, ſober, chaſte;
'Tis health of body, peace of mind:
Beſides a poignancy of taſte,
That Libertines can never find.

9 Should death ſink all men to a par,
Nor ought remain 'twixt juſt and knave;
The good man has the advantage far.
But ah, ſhould men ſurvive the grave!—

HYMN XLIX.

MISERABLE FREEDOM.

The Reward of his hands ſhall be given him.
Iſa. iii. 11.

WHY do miſtaken mortals deem
The badge of Satan to excel?
Why to their thoughts ſo pleaſant ſeem
The cruel drudgeries of hell?

2 But Satan's vot'ries ſurely know,
Nought elſe than miſery they've got:
Sin is their work and wages too,
Nor need they have a harder lot!

3 When ſinners from God's preſence run,
And his tereſtrial courts deſpiſe;
Their nobleſt happineſs they ſhun,
And wrong themſelves of unknown joys.

4 Tho' to relax our toils and cares,
A day of ſacred reſt is giv'n,
Sloth and Profanity declares,
'Tis the moſt toilſome of the ſev'n.

5 When ſullen rancour frets the mind,
Or open fury rends the frame;
A death untimely ſuch oft find,
Or life unworthy of the name.

6 The wretch, who (anxious ſtill to get)
Scarce to himſelf due right affords;
His own fond purpoſe does defeat,
And ſtarves amidſt his golden hoards.

7 By indolence, and ſelfiſh eaſe
New ills are hatch'd, the *old* increas'd;
Or idle whims ſupply their place,
And turn a parlour to a peſt.

8 But when lewd ſinners drop the reins,
And wildly rove from luſt to luſt;
Loathſome diſeaſes pay their pains,
Diſgrace, confuſion and diſguſt.

9 Great God, thy precepts O how wiſe!
Moſt kind when moſt they ſeem ſevere;
Meant to improve our preſent joys,
And for eternal joys prepare.

HYMN L.

AFFLICTIONS.

Afflictions abide me. Acts xx. 23.

THE griefs I feel
1 No tongue can tell:
O heavenly Father guide me!
Where e'er I go,
One thing I know,
Afflictions ſtill abide me.

2 Sometimes I think
I ſure muſt ſink,
For none had ſuch beſide me:
But then I read,
E'en Paul once ſaid,
Afflictions ſtill abide me.

3 Good men ſeem oft
To ſtand aloft,
And wicked men deride me:
From friend and foe
I've many a blow;
Afflictions thus abide me.

4 What grieves me moſt,
God's ſmiles are loſt,
His preſence is deny'd me;
And I within
Feel guilt and ſin;
Afflictions ſure abide me.

5 Temptations great
Do cloſe beſet,
And Satan has defy'd me;
That I my hope
Almoſt give up;
Afflictions ſo abide me.

6 Thro' all my life,
With this ſad ſtrife
The Lord has ſorely try'd me:
And at this day
I ſure can ſay,
Afflictions ſtill abide me.

7 But all I'll bear;
Nor will I care
What in this world betide me:

If

If when my ſoul
Shall reach the goal,
The crown is not deny'd me.

8 Then Chriſt will me
From ſorrow free,
And in his boſom hide me;
Nor peril nor ſword
From my dear Lord
Shall ever more divide me.

HYMN LI.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

The Song of Songs which is Solomon's. Cant. i. 1.

I SING the matchleſs ſong of ſongs,
Which to King Solomon belongs;
To Chriſt the Prince of peace.
A Song whoſe equal is not found,
Of love that is all love beyond,
And joys that never ceaſe.

2 How grand the ſubject, how divine!
What beauties flow in every line;
Such as a God behoves!
O touch it not with hands profane,
Much leſs ſhould impious jeſts e'er ſtain
This ſacred Song of loves.

3 No thought impure, no looſe deſires,
No wanton luſt, no carnal fires
Pollute this ſacred page.
A mutual flame of love moſt chaſte,
'Twixt Jeſus and his Church expreſt,
Our holieſt thoughts engage.

4 Jeſus commends the comely dreſs;
The beauties of the holineſs
In which his Church does ſhine.
Unwilling ſhe to take the praiſe,
And with a conſcious bluſh replies,
"Thoſe beauties all are thine."

5 Of her defects ſhe ſore complains;
Yet ſince the King of heaven deigns
Unworthy her to admire:

Such

Such ſtrange, ſuch unexampled love,
Makes all her tend'reſt paſſions move,
And ſets her ſoul on fire.

6 Happy herſelf, no narrow plan,
No ſelfiſh motive ever can
Her gen'rous heart confine.
Fain would ſhe all the world entice
To ſhare in her unbounded joys,
And taſte of love divine.

7 Nature's wide field ſhe ranges o'er;
She ranſacks all creation's ſtore
To find an equal theme.
But lo! he is the Lord of hoſts,
And ev'ry beauty nature boaſts
Is but a ray from him.

8 Now ſhe concludes her Jeſus is
The ſum of good, the ſpring of bliſs;
And altogether love:
Begs he would ever with her ſtay,
Or ſoon would take her hence away
To dwell with him above.

HYMN LII.

The cxi *Pſalm paraphraſed.*

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, and thou my heart
Thy grateful anthems raiſe:
Amidſt th' applauding croud reſort,
And chearful ſhout his praiſe.

2 Aloud his mighty acts declare;
His glorious works applaud:
Ten thouſand wonders ev'ry where
Demand a ſong for God.

3 Chiefly that work moſt ſingular,
In glory, pow'r and ſkill,
By which to ſinners he draws near,
And yet is righteous ſtill.

4 His goodneſs thro' creation ſpread,
Due thanks from all ſhould raiſe;
But his rich grace, where'er 'tis ſhed,
Excites to nobler praiſe.

5 No want have ever ſuch ſuſtain'd,
Who fear'd his ſacred name:
Nor ſhall, for on his faithful mind
His cov'nant's ſtill the ſame.

Second Part.

6 ISRAEL God's ſpecial love has prov'd,
And known his pow'rful hand:
T'was he their haughty foes remov'd,
And plac'd *them* in their land.

7 Nor let vain man his Judge arraign;
His Maker's will oppoſe:
Truth to his promiſe did conſtrain,
And judgment on his foes.

8 He'll vindicate his juſt commands,
However men preſume:
His holy law unalter'd ſtands,
Nor ſleeps their righteous doom.

9 Yet lo, redeeming grace he ſends,
And ſpreads his love abroad!
Ye ſaints, his cov'nant never ends,
Adore your holy God.

10 Nor will we deem thoſe greatly wiſe,
Who have not learn'd his fear;
Nor that vain ſcience will we prize,
Which leads not wholly there.

HYMN LIII.

THE POWER OF DIVINE LOVE.

Iſaiah lxiv. 1, 2. *Paraphraſed.*

1 REND now thy heav'ns, all-gracious Lord,
Come down in thine almighty word:
Let the proud mountains flow apace,
Melt, and flow down before thy face.

(2 The pow'r is vaſt, immenſe the ſtoop,
Which takes us worthleſs creatures up:
The love unſpeakable, we own,
To pluck ſuch ſtubborn rebels down.)

3 The fire its powerful influence
Thro' hardeſt metals does diſpenſe,
Or makes the ſluggiſh water riſe
In tow'ring columns 'twards the ſkies.

4 So may love's penetrating heat
Melt our hard hearts in ſorrow ſweet,
So may its all-pervading fire,
Soften our minds, our joys inſpire.

5 Then ſhall the mountains flow apace;
Melt, and flow down before thy face.
Foes ſhall confeſs th' all-conqu'ring flame,
And trembling praiſe thy holy name.

HYMN LIV.

THE GOSPEL'S FREE INVITATION.

Ho every one that thirſteth come to the waters.
Iſa. lv. 1, 2, 3.

1 HO ye that ſtand by,
Come hither and try
What Jeſus can do
For ſinners like you:

No

No longer be ſilly,
But come and receive
Thoſe bleſſings moſt freely,
Which he has to give.

2 Salvation does flow
To mortals below,
From heaven's high Throne
Thro' Jeſus alone:
Like rivers of water,
So full and ſo free,
How ſinful no matter,
Or poor you may be.

3 The Spirit doth cry
"Come freely and buy,
"Yea buy milk and wine."
All bleſſings divine,
Are here offer'd freely
Without price or pay:
Oh ſinners why will ye
Go empty away!

4 The Church the Lamb's Bride,
Invites you beſide,
To leave your vain toys,
And ſhare in her joys.
And Scripture is ſaying,
That "yet there is room;"
Leave off your delaying,
O ſinners and come.

5 Why, why will you ſpend
Your ſtrength to no end?
This world was not meant
To yield you content.
We ſtill are enjoying
Rich pleaſures profuſe;
Delights never cloying,
Made ſweeter by uſe.

6 Then come to this feaſt
And eat of the beſt;
So ſhall your ſouls live,
Yea in holineſs thrive.

Here's

Here's bread that's life-giving,
'Twill well ſatisfy;
And ſtreams ever-living,
Oh why will you die!

HYMN LV.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Mat. xxv. 31——46 *paraphraſed.*

1 HARK! 'tis the laſt loud trumpet's ſound,
That rends the ſkies and ſhakes the ground:
The *living* ſtand with anxious dread,
The earth and ſeas pour forth the *dead.*

2 Behold, behold the judge is come!
Mortals prepare to hear your doom:
See him enthron'd in glorious ſtate;
Angels around in ſilence wait.

3 Now all the nations near or far,
Haſten towards his righteous bar;
And ev'ry ſoul of Adam's race,
Stands undiſguis'd before his face.

4 Sa

4 See the mix'd multitude divide,
Lo how they throng on either ſide!
Now all diſtinctions have an end;
An angel each, or each a fiend.

5 The Judge now looks to his right hand;
(Here all his happy fav'rites ſtand)
With ſmiling countenance he cheers
Their hearts, and baniſhes their fears.

6 "Come bleſſed ſaints receive thoſe joys,
"Prepar'd for you above the ſkies:
"There thouſands, and ten thouſands wait,
"To triumph in your happy ſtate.

7 "Amidſt a God-oppoſing race,
"You own'd my name in much diſgrace:
"Now for celeſtial crowns prepare,
"And all my happineſs to ſhare."

8 Frowning, he turns his flaming eyes
On thoſe who dar'd his grace deſpiſe;
Speechleſs they ſtand, with guilt they quake,
While thus the Judge in vengeance ſpake.

9 " Depart ye curſed from my ſight,
" To dwell with devils in endleſs night;
" Than devils more worthy of the place,
" For they ne'er ſet at nought my grace.

10 " Often I call'd, but ye refus'd;
" My patience and my love abus'd;
" No kindneſs to my ſaints addreſt,
" But ſlighted thoſe who lov'd me beſt.

11 " Go your deſerved vengeance bear,
" Since mercy's voice ye would not hear:
" Go, and by endleſs miſs'ries prove
" What 'twas to trample on my love."

12 Oh how they ſhriek! Oh how they rave!
In vain of rocks and hills they crave,
To hide their guilty heads accurs'd;
To fall, and grind them into duſt.

13 As for the righteous, they ſhall go
Where living pleaſures ever flow;
And him, who thus their heads did raiſe,
Forever and forever praiſe.

HYMN LVI.

INSOLVENCY.

I am thine, ſave me. Pſa. cxix. 94.

GOD of univerſal nature ;
Friend of Adam's guilty race : 1
I, thy poor inſolvent debtor
Caſt myſelf upon thy grace.
Proſtrate at thy footſtool view me,
Frail inhabitant of clay :
Here let juſtice not purſue me,
Nor thy mercy turn away.

'Twas thy will gave me exiſtence ;
All my bliſs is in thy ſmiles : 2
And tho' ſin creates a diſtance,
Chriſt my ſurety reconciles.
Take, Oh take thy double debtor,
Thine by nature, thine by grace :
Lord, myſelf (I have nought better)
I ſurrender to thy praiſe.

HYMN LVII.

SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

In that he himself has ſuffered, being tempted, he is able to ſuccour them that are tempted. Heb. ii. 18.

1 PRINCE of pilgrims guide me (ſtranger)
Thro' this dreary vale of tears;
Guard me (weak) from ev'ry danger;
Save me from perplexing fears.
'Tis thy joy to ſhield the tempted,
All their griefs thou know'ſt full well:
Thou from grief waſt not exempted,
When thou didſt amongſt us dwell.

2 Lord thou once didſt tread this valley,
And unnumber'd evils met;
What diſtreſs beſet thee daily!
Saviour thou canſt not forget.
Whence was this, but to releaſe us,
Who the ſame ſhould undergo?
Yes, our ſympathizing Jeſus
Bears his part in all our woe.

3 There is not the ſmalleſt trouble,
Hath, or ſhall to us be giv'n;
But our Saviour bears it double,
Once earth, and now in heav'n.
Then no longer doubt his power,
And his love as little doubt;
He in ev'ry trying hour,
Saves while in—or leads us out.

4 Yet awhile and we ſhall enter
Where our great Forerunner's gone:
Fixt on him our only centre;
Ev'ry ſtorm now overblown:
There we'll ſit and ſing ſecurely,
Freed from ev'ry anxious care;
And confeſs his conduct purely,
Fought our way, and brought us there.

HYMN LVIII.

The ſame in different metre.

1 VOUCHSAFE kind Prince of Pilgrims
To guide a helpleſs ſtranger:
O guard thou me,
And ſet me free
From ev'ry threat'ning danger. I come

2 I come to thee dear Saviour—
The ſorrows of the tempted
'Cauſe thou doſt know;
For when below
Thyſelf waſt not exempted.

3 Lord well thou doſt remember,
How once in Baca's valley,
Thou waſt diſtreſt,
And had'ſt no reſt,
But cares and ſorrows daily.

4 Whence was this condeſcenſion,
But from them to releaſe us?
Ye ſaints then lo,
In all your woe
Partakes your dying Jeſus!

5 To grieve you he delights not,
He weighs your ev'ry trouble;
His bowels move,
Below, above,
Himſelf ſtill feels it double.

6 Then

6 Then ceaſe your baſe diſtruſting,
Nor doubt his loving power;
He'll help to bear,
Or ſet you clear
From every trying hour.

7 E'er long with him our Leader
Triumphant we ſhall enter;
Then every blaſt
For ever paſt,
And fix'd on him our centre.

8 Of every fear diveſted,
We there ſhall ſing ſecurely;
His conduct bleſs,
And ſtill confeſs
We came there by it purely.

HYMN LIX.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

Talk ye of all his wond'rous works. 1 Chron. xvi. 9.

1 COME ye happy choſen race,
Subjects of peculiar grace;
Let us join our grateful ſongs:
To our God all praiſe belongs.

Wond'rous is his love to us,
Let us ever praiſe him thus.

2 'Twas the Father's ſov'reign love
Sent the Saviour from above;
That his mercy he might ſhew,
And yet honour juſtice too:
He a Surety found for us,
Let us ever praiſe him thus.

3 Jeſus left his Father's ſide,
Took our fleſh, obey'd and dy'd;
Fought our foes, and when he fell,
Vanquiſh'd ſin, and death, and hell!
He has purchas'd heav'n for us,
Let us ever praiſe him thus.

4 'Tis the Spirit's influence
Ev'ry bleſſing does diſpenſe;
Who the Father's love reveals,
And the Son's redemption ſeals:
He all grace imparts to us,
Let us ever praiſe him thus.

5 Father

5 Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
Him who pitied ſinners loſt;
Us did chooſe, redeem and call,
God of gods, and all in all!
Let us ever to him raiſe
Equal honour, thanks and praiſe.

HYMN LX.

PRAISE IS PLEASANT.

It is a good thing to ſing praiſes unto our God, &c.
Pſa. cxlvii. 1.

HOW pleaſant to ſing,
The praiſe of our King!
To publiſh abroad
The love of our God!
Dear chriſtians for ever
To you it belongs:
Howe'er elſe you differ,
Unite in your ſongs.
Shall praiſe be deny'd
To Jeſus who dy'd?
He bore all your woes,
All good things beſtows:

Does any exceed him
In perſon or ways?
Are any beſide him
Deſerving your praiſe?

3 His name to repeat,
What muſic ſo ſweet?
His love to declare,
We ſure may compare
To ointment diffuſed
All over the room:
The more it is uſed,
The more 'twill perfume.

4 Come chriſtians and join
In work ſo divine;
Your Saviour extol;
O praiſe him my ſoul!
Sure none are receiving
More from him than I;
His would I be living,
And his would I die.

HYMN LXI.

GOD IN CHRIST.

The glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

2 Cor. iv. 6.

ALMIGHTY Potentate on high,
How ſhall I think of thee!
Is it for ſuch a worm as I
To ſcan immenſity!

How far remote from my dull ſight
Doth my Creator dwell:
Wrapt in a veil of dazzling light,
And unapproachable!

Thy loweſt works ſurmount my reach,
They baffle all my ſkill:
Then to theſe heavens what thought can ſtretch
Or heavens more lofty ſtill.

Yet Thou by earth, and all the ſkies
But ſlightly art reveal'd:
Should myriads more of worlds ariſe,
Still Thou art but concealed!

5 But there is one whose gentle face*
Collects thy full-orb'd rays;
There I thy best perfections trace,
He best reflects thy praise.

6 'Tis Jesus, human yet divine,
Thy greatness, goodness proves;
In him thy brightest glories shine,
In him thy sweetest loves.

7 In ev'ry creature something fresh
Of God I daily find;
But in the temple of his flesh
The Godhead is enshrin'd.‖

8 Here will I prostrate and adore
Nor dares an angel blame,
Him will I worship evermore,
For angels do the same.†

* 2 Cor. iv. 6. ‖ Col. ii. 9. † Heb. i. 6.

HYMN LXII.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

Emmanuel.—God with us, Mat. 1. 23.

1 HAIL wish'd-for period, sacred morn!
Lo, angels sing the Saviour's born!
Swell, mortals swell the heavenly lay;
Jesus is born for *us* to day.

2 O the best tidings ever heard;
The Lord of heav'n in flesh appear'd!
O greatest myst'ry ever known;
The eternal God's a virgin's son!

3 O depth of pity, height of love,
That brought our Maker from above!
And veil'd in feeble infancy,
Th' almighty Pow'r that fram'd the sky.

4 Hail Bethlehem's Babe, hail great I AM,
While born on earth, in heav'n supreme:
Heav'n shall with earth in one unite,
To sing thy weakness, and thy might.

5 Hail

5 Hail honour'd Mary's virgin womb,
In which our God did fleſh aſſume!
Hail happy ſouls o'er all the earth,
Where Jeſus forms his heav'nly birth!

HYMN LXIII.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Take a pſalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleaſant harp with the pſaltery; blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our ſolemn feaſt-day. Pſa. lxxxi. 2, 3.

1 CHRISTIANS of every name aſſiſt,
Your utmoſt efforts bring,
To hail the birth of Jeſus Chriſt;
The entrance of your King.

2 Drop all diſpute, ſeize ſeize your parts,
Your nobleſt pow'rs employ;
Bring your beſt member, bring your hearts,
Fill up the gen'ral joy.

3 Heralds of God in bright array,
And ready order ſtand:
'Tis yours to give the lofty key,
To lead the tuneful band.

4 Set

4 Set the ſhrill Trumpet to your mouth,
And blow a chearful blaſt,
Shake heav'n and earth from north to ſouth,
The Saviour's born at laſt.

5 New flaming converts hither bring
Your briſk extatic Lyre:
Sweep, ſweep the ſprightly bounding ſtring,
And let looſe all your fire.

6 Grave ſires, profound by trials grown,
Subjoin your deep accord:
Praiſe on the Sackbut's ſolemn tone
Your ever faithful Lord.

7 Ye plaintive ſaints, like lonely ſwains,
The penſive Flute you claim:
Breath your ſoft ſolitary ſtrains
To Jeſu's balmy name.

8 Ye ſocial flocks on you it lies
The Chorus to ſupply;
Into one body organize,
And pour rich harmony.

9 Let

9 Let ev'ry name, and ev'ry age,
The feeble and the ſtrong,
With all their ſkill and pow'r engage
To ſwell the lofty ſong.

10 Glory to God on high ſly round
Earth's favour'd globe, and then
Heavn's echoing concave ſhall reſound
Peace and good will to men.

HYMN LXIV.

DOUBT FORBIDDEN.

Wherefore didſt thou doubt? Mat. xiv. 31.

1 ENCOMPASS'D with foes,
And fears all within;
Perplexed with woes,
And peſter'd with ſin;
God's countenance hidden,
All comfort ſhut out:
'Tho' doubt be forbidden,
How can I but doubt?

2 My

2 My foes, oh how ſtrong,
And ſubtle withal!
The conflict is long,
My ſtrength is but ſmall—
My Captain's almighty,
Thoſe foes he will rout;
Und'r his banner fight I,
Then why ſhould I doubt?

3 A ſinner I am,
Expos'd to the curſe,
With guilt and with ſhame;
Sure none can be worſe!
Yet Chriſt can reſtore me,
And ſave me throughout;
He gave himſelf for me,
Then why ſhould I doubt?

My way is all dark;
My God is withdrawn;
And I from the mark
To wander am prone—

Divine truth has ſpoke it,
He'll bring me ſafe out;
His word he ne'er broke yet,
Then why ſhould I doubt?

5 With ſharpeſt diſtreſs
My Lord does me prove;
Yet trials of grace
Are marks of his love.
His rod let me rev'rence;
For he'll bring about
A happy deliverance,
O let me not doubt!

6 Soon, ſoon ſhall my foes
Without and within,
All weakneſs and woes,
All ign'rance and ſin,
Be baniſh'd for ever;
And then I ſhall ſhout
Full vict'ry, and never,
No never more doubt.

HYMN LXV.

FREE GRACE.

It is of faith, that it might be by grace. Rom. iv. 16.

1 THE Lord declares he'll caſt out none,
Who come to him thro' Chriſt his Son:
Yet Jeſus ſaith that only thoſe
Can come, whom God his Father draws.

2 To faith in Chriſt a right is giv'n,
Of ev'ry grace that leads to heav'n:
But yet we read, faith is no leſs
God's gift than ev'ry other grace.

3 Thoſe only can to heav'n aſcend,
Who perſevere unto the end:
Yet God does every where declare,
'Tis by *his* ſtrength we perſevere.

4 Thus does the ſov'reign Lord provide
Such means as ſtain all human pride;
Yet no diſcouragement will give
To ſuch as only *wiſh* to live.

HYMN LXVI.

THE STRAIT GATE.

Enter ye in at the ſtrait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to deſtruction.
Mat. vii. 14.

1 STRAIT's the gate that leads to heaven;
And the road fix'd by God,
Rugged and uneven.

2 Few there are that care to venture:
Few alas ſeek to paſs;
Fewer yet that enter.

4 But the num'rous ways deſcending
Down to hell, how they ſwell!
Thouſands thither tending.

4 Moſt with fatal indiſcretion
Poſt along, right or wrong;
Laugh at all profeſſion.

5 Some of being true believers
Fondly talk, while their walk
Prove them but deceivers.

6 Others

6 Others hate the word [believing]
Heaven fain they would gain
By their decent living.

7 Thus the gorge of hell is filling,
Both by luſt, and by truſt
In a faith that's killing.

8 Yet God's own of ev'ry nation,
Ever hath that true faith,
Which attends ſalvation.

9 Theſe muſt with their ſuff'ring Maſter
Undergo daily woe,
Trouble and diſaſter.

10 Chriſtians you muſt taſte the bitter:
'Tis but meet, that the ſweet
May be made the ſweeter.

11 Here the Saviour went before ye:
'Tis the road, Jeſus trod
To eternal glory.

12 Envy not the ſons of laughter:
We deſpiſe all their joys,
For a bleſt hereafter.

13 Let them boaſt their airy Something—
Jeſus join us with thine,
Trying and triumphing.

HYMN LXVII.

RELIGION.

To know the love of Chriſt, which paſſeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulneſs of God. Eph. iii. 19.

1 RELIGION ſource of boundleſs joy,
And pleaſures that can never cloy;
Filling the ſoul's immenſe deſires,
Yet wiſhes ever new inſpires.
Hail happy happy piety,
Inſatiable ſatiety!

2 Pure are thy precepts, ſweet thy force;
Love is thy ſum, and love thy ſource:
Springing from God's eternal throne,
And leading back to him alone.
Hail happy happy piety,
Inſatiable ſatiety!

3 O when ſhall I thy pleaſures know,
Which, ever perfect, ever grow;
Fill'd with love's all-ſufficing ſtore,
Yet ever thirſting after more.
Hail happy happy piety,
Inſatiable ſatiety!

HYMN LXVIII.

EXULTATION.

The Lord reigneth. Pſa. xcvii. 1.

1 SHOUT aloud, and let your joys
Mount aloft and ſhake the ſkies;
Jeſus reigns, be that your ſong;
And to Jeſus we belong.

2 Jeſus reigns, what need we fear?
Jeſus reigns, dry ev'ry tear;
Jeſus reigns, tell angels ſo;
Jeſus reigns, he reigns below.

3 Thus repeat the gladſome ſound,
Conſtant as the days roll round,
'Till with him we're call'd to reign;
Then reſume the ſong again.

HYMN

HYMN LXIX.

CHIDING MY FOLLY.

I will go and return to my first husband, for then it was better with me than now. Hos. ii. 7.

1 ASTRAY from Christ thy only friend,
Ah foolish soul no longer rove;
When will thy wand'rings have an end,
And thou return to thy first Love?

2 Can aught such happiness afford,
As in his favour thou hast found?
Is he not thy all-rightful Lord?
Does not his kindness still abound?

3 Objects of sense may promise fair,
And boast the mighty joys they'll bring:
Possess'd, they prove delusive air;
A phantom ever; oft a sting.

4 Uncertain is the world, and cross;
Courted by numbers, gain'd by few:
Or gain'd, too oft the gain is loss,
And does her votaries undo.

Oft

5 Oft has her frowns deserv'd thy scorn,
Oft has her smiles thy hopes deceiv'd:
Why should her insults yet be borne?
Why should her promise be believ'd?

6 Return, return my soul at last;
Let Christ without a rival reign—
And O my Lord, forgive the past,
And never let me rove again!

HYMN LXX.

THE BIBLE.

The law of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver. Psa. cxix. 72.

1 PRECIOUS Bible, how I love
Thy divine contents to prove!
Here I can securely rest;
Thou canst make me wise and blest.

2 Best of books! in thee I find
All things to instruct my mind:
Comfort in affliction's hour,
And o'er death a sov'reign pow'r.

3 Who would rob me of this book,
Better far my life had took:
All earth's treasures rich, immense,
Could not make me recompense!

4 Let the witlings of the age,
Ridicule the sacred page:
Bind the Bible to my heart;
Never with it let me part.

HYMN LXXI.

A FRIEND INDEED!

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

Prov. xviii. 24.

1 THO' thousands of foes
Beset me around;
What care I for those?
A Friend I have found
More kind than a brother;
More strong than an host:
There's not such another;
In him will I trust.

2 'Tis

2 'Tis Jeſus my God,
Supreme of the ſkies;
Who left his abode,
And lo, for me dies!
A Friend to the friendleſs,
For puiſſance renown'd;
Whoſe love is as endleſs,
As 'tis without bound.

3 If e'er I'm diſtreſt,
To Jeſus I flee:
And when I am bleſt,
My bleſſing is he.
In doubt my direction;
For grief an alloy:
He halves my affliction,
But doubles my joy.

4 Ah, when face to face
My Friend ſhall I meet?
In that happieſt place,
To dwell near his ſeat,

Where

Where angels before him
Glad homage approve:
And I ſhall adore him,
And ſing of his love.

HYMN LXXII.

HEAVEN.

I ſhall be ſatisfied when I awake with thy likeneſs.

Pſa. xvii. 15.

1 WHEN, O my God, ſhall I attain
That holieſt, happieſt place?
Where I my utmoſt bliſs ſhall gain,
In gazing on thy face.

2 Where thou my vaſt deſires ſhalt fill,
And I no more repine;
But my ſubmiſs, unbiaſs'd will
Run parallel with thine.

3 Where I no grief in mind ſhall know,
Nor in my body pain;
But joy thro' ev'ry thought ſhall flow,
And health thro' ev'ry vein.

4 Wher

4 Where knowledge ſhall be clear and ſtrong,
And truth ſhall ſhine ſo bright;
I cannot err by what is wrong,
Nor doubt of what is right.

5 Where love ſhall govern all my heart;
Praiſe ev'ry pow'r employ;
Where pleaſure never ſhall depart;
Enjoyment never cloy.

6 Where evil ſhall no more be known,
Good ſhall unmixed be:
Where thou, my God, ſhalt be my own,
And I be loſt in thee.

HYMN LXXIII.

THE ATHEIST CONFUTED.

He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered.
Pſa. cxi. 4.

1 ALMIGHTY Sov'reign, gracious God!
Shall I attempt thy praiſe?
Not more ſublime is thine abode,
Than marvellous thy ways.

2 Thy

2 Thy grandeur ſtrikes my wond'ring eyes,
Where'er I roll them round:
Or upwards to the vaulted ſkies,
Or downwards to the ground.

3 Nor leſs thy goodneſs does appear
Diffus'd thro' great and ſmall:
Thy pow'r in *thoſe*, in *theſe* thy care;
Thy wiſdom in them *all*.

4 Or heav'n, or earth, or ſea, or air,
Intelligent, or brute;
A reigning Deity declare,
And infidels confute.

5 Fools! muſt be made of ſtubborn ſteel,
Who taſte their daily food,
Or ſee the ſun, its influence feel;*
And yet deny a God.

6 A God

* There is nothing hid from the heat thereof, Pſa. xix. 9.—Should an atheiſt be poſſeſt of no other ſenſe than that of feeling, he would be inexcuſable.

6 A God who robes himſelf in light,
Or in thick darkneſs vails;
And to confound dull atheiſts quite,
Their ev'ry ſenſe aſſails.

7 My gracious God, while theſe ſupine
On nature's volume gaze:
Write thy more perfect law within,
And I ſhall read and praiſe.

HYMN LXXIV.

TRUE REST.

There the weary are at reſt. Job. iii. 17.

1 THE man that hopes for reſt below,
Will ſure himſelf deceive:
This changing world no reſt doth know,
Then reſt how can it give?

2 The earth itself's a rolling ball:
And what are all its joys,
But fleeting ſmoke? and what are all
Its riches?—ſplendid toys!

3 Its honours too, what gaudy traſh,
Which ſcarce a moment pleaſe?
How fooliſh then that man, and raſh,
Who hopes for reſt in theſe!

4 I've try'd the whole circumference round,
The giddy circle trac'd;
At length true reſt alone I've found,
Is in the centre plac'd.

5 Chriſt is my centre, heav'n the place
Whither my ſoul would flee:
When ſhall I end this fruitleſs chaſe,
And reſt dear Lord in thee?

HYMN LXXV.

THE BLEST EXCHANGE.

Ye ſhall be ſorrowful, but your ſorrow ſhall be turn'd into joy. John xvi. xx.

1 COME all ye ſaints,
It well becomes you to unite in praiſe:
Drop your complaints,
And your glad ſongs in holy triumph raiſe.

2 Wha

2 What tho' you feel
A thousand thousand evils ev'ry day:
It shall be well
Dry up your sorrows, cast your fears away.

3 Poor and despis'd;
The scoff of atheists, and the drunkard's song!
You will be rais'd
To thrones of honour, crowns of joy e'er long.

4 Sorrow and shame
Your Lord endur'd, of ev'ry joy deni'd;
But he o'ercame,
And now behold him at his Father's side!

5 There now he reigns;
And governs all things, and will you defend:
Even your pains,
Shall but enhance your pleasures in the end.

6 Come then ye saints;
Tho' now expos'd to ills of ev'ry kind:
Drop your complaints;
For nobler joys above, you are design'd.

HYMN

HYMN. LXXVI.

HYMN TO CHRIST.

And daily ſhall he be praiſed. Pſa. lxxii. 15.

1 TO Chriſt my ſong I'll raiſe,
My ſweeteſt notes I'll bring;
Wake ev'ry vocal pipe to praiſe,
And ev'ry tuneful ſtring.

2 To Chriſt the Son of God,
Who heav'n's high throne forſook;
Came down from his ſublime abode,
And my frail nature took.

3 To Chriſt whoſe death alone,
Life for my ſoul procur'd;
Who freely laid my ranſom down,
My puniſhment endur'd.

4 To Chriſt who intercedes
With my offended God;
My advocate, who for me pleads
The merit of his blood.

5 To Chriſt who taught me too
This matchleſs love to know;
And by his own example drew
The path that I ſhould go.

6 To Chriſt who rules my heart
By his ſweet law of love.
To Chriſt who never will depart,
'Till I am ſafe above.

7 There ev'ry pow'r I'll raiſe,
To Chriſt my gracious King:
And in new ſongs his glorious praiſe,
For ever ever ſing.

HYMN LXXVII.

SPIRITUAL JOY.

Rejoice, and again I ſay unto you rejoice. Phil. iv. 4.

COME all who belong
To that happy throng,
Who love the Redeemer, unite in a ſong.

2 Caſt, caſt off your fear,
Your ſcruples and care:
Sure thoſe ſhould be merry who Jeſus revere.

3 Shall men celebrate
Their heroes ſo great,
Who conquer their foes, and deliver the ſtate?

4 Sure we have more cauſe
To render applauſe,
To him who redeem'd us from infinite woes.

5 Their friends do they toaſt,
And fellowſhip boaſt?
Our fellowſhip is with the heavenly hoſt.

6 Or does love incline,
And fruit of the vine?
Our love is the nobleſt, and we've the beſt wine.

7 We'll drink the rich bliſs,
Nor fear of exceſs:
Our God is no niggard, our ſtore grows no leſs.

8 Ours is the beſt cheer;
No ſurfeit we fear:
Inſatiate enjoyment is temperance here.

9 The

6 Then lift up your head;
Nor let it be ſaid
That we have no happineſs 'till we are dead.
10 But let the world know,
Our pleaſures below
Exceed theirs by far, and to greater we go.

HYMN LXXVIII.

INCONSTANCY.

My harp is turned into mourning. Job. xxx. 31.

1 HOW tranſient are the ſongs I raiſe
In this imperfect ſtate;
My love how cold, how dull my praiſe,
How ſoon my joys abate!
2 But now! and lo my raptur'd ſoul
On full-ſtretch'd pinions ſoar'd!
Fervent my love, my joy was full,
And Jeſus I ador'd.

3 I far outſtripp'd the eagle's flight,
And aim'd th' eternal throne:
Earth was diminiſh'd to my ſight,
And heav'n ſeem'd all my own.

4 But ah, how quickly chang'd the ſcene;
The pleaſing rapture dies!
Thick clouds of darkneſs roll between,
And I have loſt the ſkies.

5 Now like the ſlow, the ſluggiſh ſnail
I drag along my load:
My fooliſh confidence bewail;
Bewail an abſent God.

6 When ſhall I drop this cumb'rous clay,
This priſon of my ſoul;
And ſtretch my wings and ſoar away
Where ſin nor ſenſe control?

7 Then o'er the bliſsful realms above
My raptur'd ſoul ſhall range;
Find boundleſs joy, and perfect love,
Which never, never change.

HYMN

HYMN LXXIX.

THE DOOR OF MERCY.

To him that knocketh it ſhall be opened. Mat. vii. 8.

1 TO mercy's kind door
We beggars are come;
Would knock it once more,
But fear to preſume.
Tho' great are our troubles,
And cover'd with ſin;
Our doubts and our ſcruples
Won't let us go in.

2 But why ſhould we doubt,
A welcome to find?
Was e'er one caſt out,
Who came with this mind;
That if he muſt periſh,
Should be at Chriſt's feet?
No, no ſuch he'll cheriſh,
And tenderly treat.

3 The rich and the vain,
Who bring their proud plea
His grace to obtain,
Go empty away;
But those who are needy,
And come to be fed,
Have still found him ready
To deal out his bread.

4 How needy are we,
And helpless and bare!
No friend can we see,
No refuge elsewhere!
Thou only can bless us,
Dear Jesus we own;
And lo our distresses
Are all to thee known.

5 Thy Spirit send down,
To teach us true pray'r;
A sigh or a groan
From him thou canst hear:

And while we're addreſſing
The footſtool of grace;
To us be the bleſſing,
And take thou the praiſe.

HYMN LXXX.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

The Lord is thy keeper. Pſa. cxxi. 5.

KEEP, O keep us mighty Saviour;
Keep us by thy loving favour;
Keep us thro' this deſert dreary;
Keep us when we're weak and weary.

Keep us in affliction's furnace;
Keep us leaſt proſperity turn us;
Keep us from preſumptious daring;
Keep us ever from deſpairing.

Keep us in the dying hour;
Keep us from the tempter's power;
Keep us and forſake us never;
Keep, O keep us thine for ever.

HYMN LXXXI.

PARDON AND PURITY.

And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure. 1 John iii. 3.

1 IN vain do looſe profeſſors talk
Of pard'ning grace and love!
'Tis holineſs of heart and walk,
In thoſe our int'reſt prove.

2 Where'er the Saviour's blood has giv'n
A right to heav'nly joy:
His Spirit will make meet for heav'n,
And ſin's vile pow'r deſtroy.

3 Sure, whom God loves, muſt love him too,
Whate'er God hates, muſt hate;
Whate'er Chriſt bids, delight to do,
His life to imitate.

4 Was not the rich atoning blood,
That flow'd from his dear veins,
Mix'd with a ſacred wat'ry flood,
To waſh away our ſtains?

A beauteou

A beauteous emblem this, we deem,
Of ev'ry chriſtian's ſtate:
The pard'ning and the cleanſing ſtream,
He will not ſeparate.

HYMN LXXXII.

GOD ALL-SUFFICIENT.

Whether we live or die we are the Lord's. Rom. xiv. 8.

GOD is the life of all my joys,
And joy of all my life:
Without him *thoſe* were empty toys,
This were a fruitleſs ſtrife.

God is my hope when ſorrows preſs,
And ſorrows try my hope:
From *theſe* in him I find redreſs,
And *that* ſtill bears me up.

God is my portion when I die,
By death I *that* poſſeſs.
In joy or ſorrow bleſt am I;
In life or death no leſs.

HYMN LXXXIII.

CHRIST THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE.

John xiv. 6.

1 CHRIST is the way in which I'm led,
And leader in this way:
In it directs me were to tread,
Nor from it lets me ſtray.

2 Chriſt is the truth which I am taught,
And teacher of this truth:
'Twas he my ſoul from error brought,
And taught me from my youth.

3 Chriſt is the life that quickens me,
And giver of this life:
'Tis he ſupports me day by day,
To paſs thro' this world's ſtrife.

4 Is Chriſt my way to God from ſin,
The truth to make it known,
And he my life to walk therein?
Then be the praiſe his own.

HYMN LXXXIV.

AHAB AND JEHOSHAPHAT.

1 Kings xxii. 29--34.

1 WHEN God his purpos'd judgment ſends,
Or benefits beſtows:
He wants not means to help his friends,
Or to confound his foes.

2 Ahab, that proud rebellious king,
Whom God had often ſpar'd:
As oft on God contempt did fling,
Yet he at laſt was ſnar'd.

3 For lo, to battle he muſt needs—
By flatterers abus'd:
Yet his miſgiving conſcience dreads;
And he great caution us'd.

4 To ſcreen himſelf, this worſt * of kings
Jehoſhaphat beguil'd.
But he, who over-rules all things,
His crafty purpoſe foil'd.

5 Jehoſhaphat

* 1 Kings xxi. 25.

5 Jehoſhaphat (not over wiſe,
Altho' the Lord he fear'd)
Got into danger, but he cries,
And lo his cries are heard!

6 A certain man (no matter who,
'Twas Ahab's death God meant)
Unwittingly his bow he drew,
But God the arrow ſent.

7 Thro' the tight mail it found its way,
The wicked king is ſlain;
No more God's will to diſobey,
Or vex his ſaints again.

8 Sinners, howe'er ſecure you grow,
In ſin however ſtout;
Thro' all your falſe diſguiſes, know
Your ſin will find you out.

9 While thoſe who truly fear the Lord,
Are ſometimes led aſtray:
Yet upright men ſhall be reſtor'd
And ſtill hold on their way.

HYMN LXXXV.

AHAB'S DEATH SPIRITUALIZED.

A certain man drew a bow at a venture, &c.

1 Kings xxii. 34.

1 A certain man! perhaps by him
A faithful preacher's ſhown:
But mean oft in the world's eſteem,
And more ſo in his own.

2 Lo, in ſimplicity he bends
The goſpel's wond'rous bow!
But grace the deſtin'd arrow ſends,
And ſtrikes the fatal blow.

3 Wrapp'd in diſguiſe and dreſs'd in ſteel,
What tho' the ſinner's heart?
Yet God can quickly make him feel,
Conviction's pungent ſmart.

4 Then crouds no more amuſe his grief,
Or hoſts of pleaſure pleaſe;
Nor yield his wounded ſoul relief,
His bleeding conſcience eaſe.

5 Sick

5 Sick of the world's confuſed noiſe,
He flies all ſcenes of ſtrife:
On death his ſerious thought employs,
The gate of endleſs life.

6 His will (that furious charioteer
That drove him on to ſin)
Muſt now commence a new career,
The crown of life to win.

7 Thus while this hiſt'ry we've appli'd,
Inſtruction to impart:
May God the random arrow guide,
To ſome proud ſinner's heart.

HYMN LXXXVI.

DEATH IN THE POT.

2 Kings iv. 38-41.

1 LET profligates boaſt
What joy ſin affords:
Their pleaſures at moſt,
Are only wild gourds.

With

With all your vain bluſter,
We envy you not:
Your bleſſings are curſt, for
You've death in the pot.

2 Sly hypocrites too,
Who ſecretly ſin;
Fair outſides you ſhew,
Wild gourds are within:
When death ſhall arreſt you,
Your hopes will all rot;
And now at the beſt, you
Have death in the pot.

3 And thoſe who profeſs
Religion in form;
Shred gourds in your meſs,
And think it no harm:
In forms while you're reſting,
Nor cold are nor hot;
You can have no bleſſing:
There's death in the pot.

4 Ye chriſtians ſincere,
Whoſe conduct accords;
Tho' ſometimes you fear,
You've many wild gourds:
Yet where'er God's fear is,
The true meal you've got;
Then fear not, for there is
No harm in the pot.

HYMN LXXXVII.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.
Judge vii. 20.

1 WHEN Iſrael rebell'd, did Midian prevail;
And Gideon was call'd from wielding
[the flail,
His army three hundred *brave* men, to ſtand by,
And the ſword of the Lord and of Gideon to
[cry.

2 With pitchers, and lamps, and trumpets, thefe
[three—
We ſeldom ſuch camps of ſoldiers ſhall ſee!
Yet lo with theſe weapons they made their foe
[fly
While the ſword of the Lord and of Gideo
[they cry.

3 'Twa

3 'Twas dead of the night, when theſe choſen few
Advanc'd to the fight: the trumpets they blew,
The pitchers they break, and the lamps they [lift high:
Then the ſword of the Lord and of Gideon [they cry.

4 The Midianites fled, bold Iſrael purſu'd;
Sad havock they made, their foes they ſubdu'd.
Midian never more dared Gods hoſt to defy:
While the ſword of the Lord and of Gideon [they cry.

5 Then let us take care we truſt to the right;
Not weapons of war, or numbers or might:
In every diſtreſs 'tis our ſtrength to ſtand by,
And the ſword of the Lord and his Servant to [cry.

6 Tho' foes may ſurround in dreadful array,
The goſpel's ſweet ſound will fright them away:
Let the light ſhine reſplendent, the frail fleſh [deny,
And the ſword of the Lord and his Servant ſtill [cry.

7 Ye heralds who ſtand the goſpel to ſpread,
At God's great command, no enemy dread,
Nor mind the frail pitchers; but lift your voice [high,
And the ſword of the Lord let his Servants ſtill cry.

8 Nor only declaim, but let your light ſhine:
May all do the ſame, whoſe hearts with you join
To reſcue God's Iſrael, his glory raiſe high,
And the ſword of the Lord and his Servants [we'll cry.

9 At midnight 'tis ſaid the trumpet will ſound,
Bright lightnings will ſpread like lamps all [around;
This world like a pitcher to pieces will fly:
And the ſword of the Lord the Archangel will [cry!

10 Not natures loud craſh, nor death need we fear;
The pitchers he'll daſh that the lamps may [ſhine clear.
The trumpet of vict'ry we'll ſound while we die;
And the ſword of the Lord and his Chriſt ever [cry.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

All thy works praiſe thee, O Lord. Pſa cxlv. 10.

1 NATURE thro' all her works declares
The God ſupreme that gave them birth:
On high ten thouſand glitt'ring ſtars,
Ten thouſand beauteous forms on earth.

2 The ſun with his all-pow'rful rays,
Proclaims a Pow'r ſuperior far;
The feebler moon reflects his praiſe;
And he's reveal'd by ev'ry ſtar.

3 Each drop* of liquid, throng'd with life;
Each particle that forms the clod;
The ſpacious plain, the tow'ring cliff,
Confeſs an all-creative God.

4 Revolving

* A drop of water, no bigger than an ordinary grain of ſand, has been known to contain not leſs than a million of living creatures.

4 Revolving ſeaſons ſtill bring round
His varied goodneſs hour by hour;
And the vex'd elements abound,
With awful tokens of his pow'r.

5 Th' huge elephant and puny mite,
Contend which moſt may prove his ſkill
And beauteous flow'rs and fruits unite
To ſhew his rich indulgence ſtill.

6 Birds fill the air with grateful ſounds;
And beaſts his lib'ral hand confeſs;
While the mute fiſh in ſprightlieſt bounds,
Like gratitude would fain expreſs.

7 Plants, humble ſhrubs and lofty trees,
To him their leafy honours bring;
And bend and bow with ev'ry breeze
In low obeiſance to their King.

Second Part.

8 ALL heav'n, and earth, and hell no leſs
In one united chorus join;
God's love or vengeance to confeſs
And prove his pow'r is all divine.

9 In

9 In heav'n exalted accents riſe,
While earth the medium parts doth bear,
And hell reluctantly ſupplies
The ſolemn baſs of deep deſpair.

10 Shall man alone his voice refuſe,
With reas'ning faculties endow'd?
Or thoſe ſame faculties abuſe
To reaſon againſt nature's God?

11 O thou inſulted majeſty!
Reſentment fires my very ſoul;
Why don't vindictive light'nings fly,
To blaſt the atheiſtic fool?

12 But thou art good as thou art great,
And merciful as well as juſt:
And haſt reſerv'd a day to treat
With daring rebels of the duſt.

13 Then will ſaints find a God of love;
Creation's Lord their deareſt Friend:
And him they fear'd below, above
Shall be their portion without end.

HYMN LXXXIX.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Bleſſed is the people that know the joyful ſound.
Pſa. lxxxix. 15.

1 THE goſpel's joyful ſound
Has reach'd our favour'd iſle;
Here does rich means of grace abound,
And heav'nly mercy ſmile.

2 O let us all rejoice
In this abundant grace;
Incline our ear to Wiſdom's voice.
And all her truths embrace.

3 Come all who ſtrangers are
To Chriſt and happineſs;
To his appointed means draw near,
'Till he your ſouls ſhall bleſs.

4 And you who Chriſt eſteem;
Having in him believ'd:
In all things grow up into him,
And walk as you receiv'd.

5 Almighty

5 Almighty Saviour crown
Thy gospel with success:
Send thine all-quick'ning Spirit down;
Thine all-sufficient grace.

HYMN XC.

GOD A REFUGE.

I flee unto thee to hide me. Psa. cxliii. 9.

1 FATHER of mercies look on me,
An helpless child of dust:
Whither, ah whither can I flee;
On thee is all my trust.

2 From all my foes, from all my fears
Defend me O my God:
Regard a wretched sinner's tears;
Regard a Saviour's blood.

3 I flee to thee on all alarms,
And in thy bosom hide:
Safe in a God's almighty arms;
A Saviour's wounded side.

HYMN XCI.

THE BOLD BEGGAR.

Aſk and ye ſhall receive, that your joy may be full.
John xvi. 24.

1 MOST gracious Saviour me behold,
All-worthleſs tho' I be:
I am a Beggar poor, but bold;
Yet not too bold for thee.

2 For O my Lord haſt thou not ſaid,
Aſk and ye ſhall receive?
And wilt thou ever thoſe upbraid
Who dare thy word believe?

3 None need thy bleſſings *more* than I,
Yet none deſerve them *leſs*;
My num'rous ſins I can't deny,
Nor plead my righteouſneſs.

4 I aſk not pow'r or greatneſs Lord,
I aſk not wealth or fame;
Nor pleaſures vain, earth may afford,
Would I ſo much as name.

5 'Tis

5 'Tis thou thyſelf, 'tis thou alone
My boundleſs wiſh canſt fill:
Were all things elſe but thee mine own
I ſhould be wretched ſtill.

6 O ſatiate thou my vaſt deſire;
'Tis thy whole ſelf I crave:
Nought *leſs* than this would I require,
Nought *greater* can I have.

7 Permit me then my God to call
Thee, and thy fulneſs mine;
And I'll devote my ſelf, my all
To be for ever thine.

HYMN XCII.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John x. 1—16.

1 A SHEPHERD we have
Whoſe flock is his own;
Not like the hir'd knave,
Or indolent drone:

He ſtill goes before them
When dangers draw near;
He gave himſelf for them;
To him they are dear.

2 He knows all his ſheep;
His voice they obey;
He does them ſafe keep
By night and by day;
His flock in green paſtures
He ever more feeds;
Defends from diſaſters;
Supplies all their needs.

3 The Father did give
Theſe ſheep to his Son;
And none ſhall deprive
Him, ever of one:
The Father's almighty,
His power well ſecures.
The Son will ne'er ſlight ye,
His love ſtill endures.

4 Ou

4 Our Shepherd is gone
A fold to provide;
And thither anon
His own he will guide,
Where gentile with jew ſhall
Unite in the ſkies;
And ever ſtrive who ſhall
Their Shepherd moſt praiſe.

HYMN XCIII.

FAITH AN EVIDENCE.

Faith is the evidence of things not ſeen. Heb. xi. 1.

1 FAITH realizes abſent things,
Where ſenſe and reaſon fail:
Self-evidence it with it brings,
And does o'er doubt prevail.

2 By Faith we own a Pow'r divine,
That's ſov'reign and ſupreme:
And worlds laid out with nice deſign
His handy-work we deem.

3 By

3 By Faith we judge Him juſt and wiſe
His favour to impart;
To all who do that favour prize,
And ſeek with all their heart.

4 By Faith we God's kind thoughts deſcry,
Which were e'er time began;
And purpoſe that his Son ſhould die
To ſave rebellious man.

5 By Faith what Chriſt perform'd, ſhews clear
As light is in the ſun;
And all his wond'rous works appear
As in our preſence done.

6 By Faith that tragic ſcene we view,
On calv'ry's mournful hill:
His wounds e'en ſeem to bleed anew,
While we the anguiſh feel.

7 By Faith we trace each recent ſcar,
(Thoſe marks of love abide)
Where pierc'd the nails, and where the ſpear
Plung'd deep into his ſide.

8 By Faith we ſee him on the throne,
Our advocate on high.
By Faith we ſee him coming down
At the great judgment day.

9 By Faith we future worlds bring nigh:
And lo! by it we tell
What bleſſings ſaints in heav'n enjoy;
What ſinners feel in hell.

10 Thus Faith brings diſtant things to view,
And hidden things to light;
Things that ſeem'd doubtful proves moſt true,
And all God's dealings right.

HYMN XCIV.

FAITH A SUBSTANCE.

Faith is the ſubſtance of things hoped for.
Heb. xi. 1.

FAITH does ſubſtantiate all thoſe joys
Which hope would fain poſſeſs;
Deſtroys whate'er the ſoul deſtroys,
And brings in happineſs.

2 By Faith diſcharge from ſin we feel,
All guilt is done away:
Our preſent pardon Faith doth ſeal;
Faith keeps us day by day.

3 By Faith Chriſt dwells within our hearts,
There ev'ry pow'r controls,
And all his righteouſneſs imparts
To juſtify our ſouls.

4 By Faith we holineſs receive,
While we his beauties trace;
And from his graces we derive
All correſponding grace.

5 By Faith we ſweet communion find
With all the ſaints above;
And with the ſaints on earth are join'd
By Faith in mutual love.

6 By Faith we antidate the crown
Laid up for us above;
And bring celeſtial bleſſings down,
And taſte celeſtial love.

7 Thu

Thus Faith doth all our joys renew,
And quicken all our pow'rs:
And all that God has promiſed too,
Is by believing ours.

HYMN XCV.

The 23d Pſalm Paraphraſed.

GOD is my guardian and my guide;
What can I want or wiſh beſide?
All needful help to me he'll grant,
And he'll ſupply my ev'ry want.

Whene'er from him I go aſtray,
He brings me back to his right way:
When I am right he leads me on,
To make his love and glory known.

When thro' dark ſcenes of life I'm led,
Or death's declining valley tread:
He will ſupport, and he direct,
I can no evil then ſuſpect.

4 He all-ſufficient good beſtows
In ſight of all my envious foes;
And ev'ry true delight does ſhed
In rich abundance on my head.

5 Nor will he blot me from his heart,
Or in my pilgrimage deſert;
And when to his bleſt courts I ſoar,
I'll love and praiſe him evermore.

HYMN XCVI.

THE TALENT.

Unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one, &c. Mat. xxv. 15.

1 A Talent you have
Conſign'd to your truſt,
And he who it gave,
Expects you'll be juſt:
This Talent is ſent, to
Improve for your Lord;
'Tis for a time lent you,
And muſt be reſtor'd!

2 Perhaps

Perhaps you have *five*,
Or *one* and no more;
Still you ſhould contrive
To double your ſtore:
Not underground place it,
There idly to ruſt;
Much leſs ſhould you waſte it,
Or ſpend on your luſt.

If riches abound,
Lay 't out on the poor;
No trade can be found
To profit you more;
'Tis treaſure in heaven,
'Tis lent to the Lord,
Good intereſt is given,
'Twill ſoon be reſtor'd.

If wiſdom you've got
In head or in heart;
To thoſe who have not
Be glad to impart:

Take light from a candle,
'Twill ſhine not the leſs:
If knowledge you handle
'Twill make it increaſe.

5 If honour you gain,
Authority get,
Or influence obtain
With thoſe who are great:
'Twill make you moſt bleſſed
The helpleſs to bleſs;
To guard the oppreſſed,
But ne'er to oppreſs.

6 With health are you bleſt,
Or ſtrength do you find,
Or are you poſſeſt
Of vigour of mind,
Or ſkill in your calling
Should heaven afford?
Then huſband them all, in
The fear of the Lord.

7 'Tho'

7 Tho' talents you've none
Wherein you excel,
Yet time ſure is one
We all ſhould uſe well:
Our moments are coſtly
As mountains of gold;
And if once they're loſt, they
Can ne'er be recall'd.

HYMN XCVII.

EMULATION.

And they reſt not day and night, ſaying holy, holy, holy, &c. Rev. iv. 8.

1 HARK, how the heav'nly arches ring!
What raptures fill the ſky;
Nor leſs can be, 'tis angels ſing,
'Tis love inſpires their joy.

2 Hear how they roll th' eternal ſong,
And holy, holy cry:
The ſame thro' endleſs years prolong
In rich variety.

Tho'

3 Tho' all contend in ſtrenuous praiſe,
'Tis ſtricteſt unity.
Tho' each has his peculiar lays;
'Tis perfect ſymphony.

4 *Here* t'wards the throne, the ſons of fire,*
With glowing ardour preſs:
Here ſilently in love admire,
And ſeem abſorb'd in bliſs.

5 Then burſts again th' enraptur'd ſong,
And echoes o'er the ſky:
Whilſt in ſeraphic accents ſtrong
They holy, holy cry.

6 O how my ſoul impatient burns,
To taſte your unmix'd joys;
O how my heav'n-born ſpirit ſpurns
Earth's beggarly employs!

7 'Tis done, I catch the heav'nly flame;
Angels I taſte your joys!
Our God, our views, our pow'rs the ſame,
And ſoon our bleſt employs.

And

* The word Seraph ſignifies to burn or glow.

8 Then will I mix my ſweeter ſong,
And vie with all your hoſt;
For ſweeter themes to me belong
Then angels e'er could boaſt.

9 'Tis Jeſu's love ſhall fill my ſong
(Your God—my deareſt Friend)
Which ſtill ſhall wax more ſweet more ſtrong,
And never more ſhall end.

HYMN XCVIII.

The 137th Pſalm Paraphraſed.

1 BY Babel's ſtreams we ſat and wept;
'Twas Zion's woes our hearts did rend:
Our harps, in tune no longer kept,
Upon the willows we ſuſpend.

2 For there our foes inſult us ſtill,
And taunting, aggravate our wrongs:
"Captives diſplay your boaſted ſkill;
"Come ſing us one of Zion's ſongs."

3 The ſongs of Zion are the Lord's,
And his are all the notes we raiſe;
We will not touch the tuneful chords
'Till we can ſound them in his praiſe.

4 While Zion lies in ruins ſtill,
Can we her dear remembrance leave?
No, firſt our hands ſhall loſe their ſkill,
Our tongues unto our palates cleave.

5 Remember Lord how Edom's ſons
Proudly contemn'd us in our woes;
Triumph'd o'er Zion's ſcatter'd ſtones,
And urg'd to rage her cruel foes.

6 But God will Babylon deſtroy,
Her righteous doom nought can retard;
And happy he who ſees the day,
When ſhe ſhall meet her due reward.

HYMN XCIX.

CHURCH MEETINGS.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midſt of them. Mat. xviii. 20.

BLESSED God we're now convened
In thy ſacred name and cauſe;
From all ſelfiſh motives weaned,
May we act by thy pure laws:
Lord we ſearch thy ſacred pages,
Seeking thence to know thy will;
And enquire how purer ages
Serv'd thee once, to do ſo ſtill.

Mighty Counſellor, unerring,
Now diſpoſe us to the right;
No one his own wiſh preferring,
May we in the truth unite:
Teach us Lord, O teach us often,
Make each path of duty clear;
With thy love our ſpirits ſoften,
And ſubdue with holy fear.

3 Free from ſtrife and all diſtractions,
Make us of one heart and mind;
And thy people's joint tranſactions,
Saviour deign in heav'n to bind:
Thus, all help from thee receiving,
We thy ſacred work purſue;
And the glory would be giving
To thyſelf, to whom 'tis due.

HYMN C.

BEFORE THE EXAMINATION OF PERSONS DESIRING ADMITTANCE INTO THE CHURCH.

1 JESUS we're met in thy great name,
Thy preſence we implore;
Fulfil thy promiſe, ſtill the ſame,
Be with us evermore.

2 Our cauſe is thine, thy help afford,
Supply our every want;
Grant courage to thy ſervants, Lord,
To us diſcernment grant.

3 Gi

Give *them* an undiſſembling heart,
May they the truth declare;
The wonders of thy love impart,
While we rejoice to hear.

Give *us* a free impartial mind
To chooſe what thou ſhalt chooſe;
Then bind in heaven what we ſhall bind,
And looſe what we ſhall looſe.

Thus let the Spir't of truth and peace
On ev'ry boſom move;
Inſpire with holy faithfulneſs,
And ſympathetic love.

HYMN CI.

THE RECEPTION OF SUCH AS ARE EXAMINED AND APPROVED.

HAIL, highly favour'd of the Lord;
We greet you in his name:
Come in, and what his courts afford,
With holy boldneſs claim.

2 No longer wander from the croſs,
And penſive rove alone;
Caſt in your lot, be one with us,
As we with Chriſt are one.

3 Within our Father's houſe is bread
Sufficient, and to ſpare;
Come, and with fineſt wheat be fed,
Our ſweeteſt dainties ſhare.

4 Dear Jeſus bountiful and kind,
Proſper thy conqu'ring word:
Gather thy remnant yet behind,
And haſte thy kingdom, Lord!

5 Increaſe thy churches more and more,
In numbers and in grace;
'Till all complete, the warfare o'er,
We riſe to meet thy face.

HYMN CII.

On the ſame.

1 COME in { ye / thou } bleſſed of the Lord,
And ſhare with us the rich reward,
Which bleeding love procures:

Whom Chriſt approves we dar'n't refuſe,
Come in and all things freely uſe,
'Tis his, 'tis ours, 'tis yours.

2 Behold an open door is ſet,
Here's room, here's food for thouſands yet,
The rich proviſion { view : / ſee : }
Come all our priv'leges partake,
We bid { you / thee } welcome for Chriſt's ſake
And bleſs his name for { you. / thee. }

HYMN CIII.

BEGGING THE LORD'S PRESENCE AT HIS OWN TABLE.

1 SEE the ſpread table of our Lord!
Now in a ſong with ſweet accord,
Invoke his ſacred preſence nigh:
Jeſus behold each bidden gueſt,
Hither aſſembled to be bleſt;
O feaſt thy waiting poor to day.

2 Tho'

2 Tho' thou doſt 'midſt the thouſands ſhine,
Of all thy happy firſt-born train;
Yet glance on us a chearing ray:
A broken fragment Lord beſtow
On us thy family below,
And feaſt thy waiting poor to day.

3 Dear Lord we would not hence remove,
'Till in the midſt thyſelf we prove;
O do not ſend us ſad away!
We break the bread, we pour the wine
At thy command, but Lord 'tis thine
To feaſt our waiting ſouls to day.

PAUSE.

4 Behold theſe gracious ſigns appear,
To teſtify the Saviour's here;
Ceaſe then our fears, our doubts away:
'Tis his own word, nor can he lie,
Where you are met there I am nigh;
He's here and feaſting us to day.

5 O condeſcention great indeed,
That Jeſus ſhould ſuch ſinners feed!
Yet Lord, one bleſſing more we pray:

Ever

Ever vouchſafe to be our gueſt,
Within onr hearts take up thy reſt,
And deign to feaſt us every day.

6 Thus may we prove thee ever kind,
Whene'er we call thy death to mind,
'Till thou ſhalt bid us quit our clay:
Then we around thy heav'nly board
Shall meet, and thou our gracious Lord
Wilt feaſt us to eternity.

HYMN CIV.

FEASTING WITH CHRIST.

1 NOW for a ſong of gratitude
To our dear ſuff'ring Lord;
His fleſh is given to be our food,
His blood does crown the board.

2 While you theſe precious dainties eat.
Prepare your voice to ſing;
And let each thankful tongue repeat
The bounties of his King.

3 " An outcaſt Jeſus took me up,
" Yet treats me as his gueſt:
" A falling crumb I ſcarce could hope;
" I'm feaſted with the beſt!

4 " The talleſt ſeraph round his throne
" Unenvious now I view;
" To feaſt with Chriſt is great I own,
" But I feaſt on him too.

5 " And ſhall I e'er ſuch goodneſs grieve?
" Forbid it Lord to be!
" Rather I'd wiſh no more to live,
" Than not to live to thee."

HYMN CV.

THE SPIRITUAL FEAST.

Eat O friends, drink, yea drink abundantly O beloved. Cant. v. i.

1 DEAR brethren, ſee what coſtly fare:
How bounteous and how free,
Does our Beloved's hand prepare
For rebels vile as we!

2 The

The garden of Gethſemane,
The potter's bloody field,
Aceldama and Calvary,
What precious fruits they yield!

Here once our Lord with willing feet,
But painful labour trod,
To wear a way for us moſt ſweet,
To banquet with our God.

Hear him, the Maſter of the feaſt,
Invite you to draw nigh—
"Eat O my friends, nor only taſte,
"But drink abundantly.

"My fleſh upon the croſs was broke,
"Theſe dainties to provide;
"And this rich ſtream, by juſtice' ſtroke,
"Was drawn out of my ſide."

To feaſt on this immortal food,
We gladly come dear Lord;
No dainties like thy fleſh and blood
Can earth or heav'n afford.

HYMN CVI.

MOURNING OVER A CRUCIFIED SAVIOUR.

They ſhall look on me whom they have pierced &c.
Zech. xii. 10.

1 HOW ſhall I vent my ſwelling woes
O'er him my ſoul adores!
More than the tend'reſt parent knows,
Who a loſt child deplores.

2 Oh how my ſtruggling paſſions try
Which firſt may force its way!
Love, pity, wonder, ſorrow, joy;
I can no longer ſtay.

3 For ſure ſuch love, ſuch wond'rous love,
Wherever it be felt,
The moſt obdurate heart muſt move!
An adamant muſt melt!

5 And did my ſins my Saviour wound?
For me did Jeſus die?
Let love my proſtrate ſoul confound!
Let ſorrow drown mine eye!

5 Cou

5 Could I but ſeize the cruel ſpear
Which caus'd my Lord ſuch ſmart,
And bathe it with a bloody tear,
And plunge it in my heart;

6 Yet ah! how cold my love would ſhow
When once compar'd with his,
Who reſcu'd me from endleſs woe,
Who purchas'd for me bliſs!

HYMN CVII.

THE DEFORMITY OF SIN.

Ye that love the Lord hate evil. Pſa. cxvii. 10.

SIN, what an hideous monſter 'tis!
How could I e'er delight in this?
Its odious vileneſs who can tell?
It ruin'd angels, founded hell!

But ſin's dread picture would you ſee?
Oh come with me to Calvary,
Or that ſad garden were your Lord
In groans and tears his ſpirit pour'd.

3 There view your agonizing God,
Your mighty Maker ſweating blood:*
What floods of wrath on him were hurl'd,
A tear of whoſe could waſh a world!

4 'Twas ſin that brought the vengeance down,
Which did his ſoul in ſorrows drown,
'Twas ſin, which you and I have done,
That murder'd God's dear only ſon!

5 Then let us this foul monſter hate,
And more than hell abominate;
For hell had not been but for ſin,
And thoſe who take delight therein.

HYMN CVIII.

FOR A FUNERAL.

Sorrow not as others without hope. 1 Theſ. iv. 13.

1 LET others deplore their friends are no more
With grief ſwallow'd up as men without [hope
'Tis but a ſweet ſlumber ſaints take underground
And ſure of that number our { brother / ſiſter } was [found

2 Hi

* Acts xx. 28.

2 His / Her } aſhes we here ſecurely inter,
Reſtore to the duſt what ſprang from it firſt,
But where is the ſpirit? 'tis long ſince receiv'd,
Thoſe joys to inherit which here it believed.

3 Nor yet without hope we here treaſure up
The relicks of clay, againſt the bleſt day,
When, fully refined, each atom of duſt
To each ſhall be joined, nor one ſhall be loſt.

4 Then body and ſoul again ſhall be whole,
And glorioufly riſe with Chriſt to the ſkies,
From ſin freed for ever, and ſorrow and pain,
And death ſhall ne'er ſever their union again.

HYMN CIX.

PARTING WITH A MINISTER.

Pray for us that that the word of the Lord may have free course &c. 2 Theſ. iii. 1.

1 GO with thy ſervant Lord,
His ev'ry ſtep attend:
All needful help to him afford,
And bleſs him to the end.

2 Preſerve

2 Preſerve him from all wrong,
Stand thou at his right hand,
To keep him from the ſland'rous tongue,
And perſecuting band.

3 May he proclaim aloud
The wonders of thy grace,
Whilſt thou ſhalt to the liſt'ning croud
His faithful labours bleſs.

4 Shine on his work below
With ever gracious beams,
'Till thou in heav'n his crown beſtow
Beſet with brighteſt gems.

5 We thank thee for his love;
His preſence ſoon reſtore:
If not, O may we meet above
To thank thee evermore.

NOW to the great eternal THREE,
Who made, redeem'd and called me
Doth equal praiſe belong:
Praiſe, honour, glory ſhall be giv'n,
Living on earth, or rais'd to heav'n
My everlaſting ſong.

TO Father and Son and Spirit who join
Three Perſons in one bleſt Eſſence divine,
All glory be given, dominion and pow'r,
By earth and by heaven henceforth evermore.

FATHER, Son and Holy Spirit,
Lord of all in earth and heav'n;
Thou all glories doſt inherit,
Unto thee all praiſe be given:
Angels ever bow before thee,
All thy works proclaim thy pow'r,
And thy ſaints ſhall ſtill adore thee
Now, henceforth and evermore.

PRAISE God on the throne, whoſe love did alone
Provide for the ſuccour of ſinners undone.

2 And to the dear Lamb aſcribe ye the ſame,
Who on the kind errand ſo chearfully came.

3 In thee Holy Ghoſt no leſs will we boaſt,
Who ſeals this rich grace, and recovers the loſ

4 Thus the divine THREE in ſtrict unity,
To praiſe now and ever come let us agree.

CHRIST is the firſt, and Chriſt the laſt;
To him let all things bow,
Who joins the future, preſent, paſt,
In one eternal now.
He alpha and omega is,
Was dead, but is alive;
And now eternally does live
Eternal life to give.

NOW e'er we depart we'll join in a ſong;
May love warm each heart, praiſe tune ev'
[tongue
Then what we've been hearing go home a
[practi
And thus be preparing to meet in the ſkies.

6 SE 55

PRAISE THE LORD.

Printed by T. Long,
Trowbridge.